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METRICAL EPITAPHS.

Bequest of

Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.

to the Library

of the

University of Toronto

1901

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."—*Shakespeare.*

"He lies like an Epitaph."—*Old English Proverb.*

"When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, and yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons who had left no other memorial of themselves, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

'Γλαῦκον τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε. *Homer.*

'Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.' *Virgil.*

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost."

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."—*Addison.*

...ICAL EPITAPHS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN:

EDITED BY THE

REV. JOHN BOOTH, B.A., CAMB.

AUTHOR OF "EPIGRAMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN."

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PREFACE.

THE word Epitaph is derived from the two Greek words επι, upon, and ταφος, a sepulchre, and simply means an inscription upon a tomb. It is also applied to certain eloges, either in prose or verse, composed without any intention of engraving them on tombs; as that of Newton by Pope,

> "Nature, and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, Let Newton be, and all was light;"

and that of Alexander the Great,

> "Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis."

Weever, in his work on "Monumental Inscriptions," published in the seventeenth century, defines an epitaph to be "a superscription either in verse or prose, written, carved or engraven on the sepulchre or grave of the deceased, briefly declaring (and that sometimes with a kind of commiseration) the name, age, deserts, dignities, the praises both of body and mind, the good or

bad fortunes in life, and the manner and time of the death of the person therein interred." A more concise definition is contained in a curious little work, called the "Art of English Poetry," which declares "an epitaph to be a kind of epigram, only applied to the report of the dead person's estate and degree, or of his good or bad parts, to his commendation or reproach." "The first literary epigrams, expressly so called, were, no doubt, the words or lines inscribed on a monument—a temple, tomb, tablet, or statue—to indicate in the simplest way what it was, to whom it was erected, or what it commemorated." Among the most famous instances of this kind is the inscription by Simonides for the heroes of Thermopylæ:

Ὦ ξεῖν', ἄγγειλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

"Stranger, tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here, in obedience to their commands." And Ennius's epitaph for P. Scipio Africanus:

"Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civi' neque hostis
Quivit pro factis reddere operæ pretium."

Here he lies whose deeds no countryman, or stranger, could ever recompense.

It is doubtful whether the ancient Jews inscribed epitaphs on the monuments of the dead; but it is certain some of very ancient date are found amongst them. The tombs of many Biblical personages have

been identified by travellers in Palestine; but though no traces of inscriptions have been found on them, it is but reasonable to suppose, from the great reverence shown to the dead by the Jewish people, that some such inscriptions were originally made. These would probably have been in that style of oriental imagery and parallelism with which the language of many parts of the Bible has made us familiar. The same style prevails in the Jewish burial places of the Middle Ages, and "even in more modern times, just as our funeral rites and ceremonies are at the present day, the same as those of our forefathers, centuries ago." As a sample of a Hebrew epitaph, let the following translation of one on a celebrated Spanish Rabbi suffice:

"Write with a pen of steel on a tablet of diamond
To perpetuate the memory of our loss;
That the remotest generations may mourn,
And all our descendants weep for him.
Tell them the fountain of wisdom lieth here
Buried and hidden; mankind gropes in darkness.
Come ye daughters of Zion, weep and mourn,
Mourn for him with bitter lamentations;
In this tomb lies the source of our grief."

It is certain that inscriptions on remarkable, and to commemorate extraordinary events, were in use many centuries before the Christian era. "The most ancient *epitaph* with which we are acquainted, is that which Assyria's last king, Sardanapalus, about 876 B.C. or-

dered to be engraven on his tomb, which was to be seen at Anchiale, in the time of Alexander, 543 years afterwards, '*Sardanapalus built Anchiale and Tarsus in one day. Go, passenger, eat, drink, and rejoice, for the rest is nothing.*'"

According to Mr. Pettigrew, in his "Chronicles of the Tombs," the Egyptians may lay claim to be the earliest recorders of inscriptions upon the sepulchres of the dead. They were in the habit of writing the names, descent, and functions of the deceased upon their sarcophagi and coffins; and, in many cases, prayers and supplications are found inscribed. Upon an Egyptian mummy unrolled in 1826 was found a partial record of the genealogy of Osiris which ended with the words, "Let us pray for Osiris, lady of the house Ohranis."

The pyramids justly ranked by the most ancient historians among the wonders of the world, and which have for so many ages excited the attention of the curious and the criticism of the learned, are considered by some as the sepulchres and monuments of Egyptian monarchs; and this opinion is confirmed by Arabian writers, as well as by Diodorus and Strabo, which, if correct, would make them the oldest sepulchral monuments in the world, even older than the time of Abraham.

Epitaphs are supposed to be "of the same age with the art of writing." "Nature and reason," says Dr. Johnson, "have dictated to every nation, that to pre-

serve good actions from oblivion, is both the interest and duty of mankind; and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters, that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions."

It is among the Greeks, however, that we first find epitaphs properly so called; and these, in many instances, of a very high order. Those upon ordinary persons it is true were very simple, and consisted only of the name, with sometimes a short character added, as χρήστος, good, or ἥρως, hero, and the word χαῖρε, signifying their good wishes. The Lacedæmonians allowed epitaphs to none but those who had died in battle.

But there are many Greek epitaphs remarkably alike for the exquisite language in which they are written, and for their eloquent pathos and epigrammatic force. From the Greek Anthology of Jacobs specimens of these have been selected by the editor, and translations of them given in the first section of this work.

The Romans inscribed their epitaphs to the manes, diis manibus; and frequently introduced the dead, by way of prosopopeia, speaking to the living; of which we have a fine instance wherein the dead wife thus bespeaks her surviving husband:

> "Immatura perî; sed tu, felicior, annos
> Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos."

"Roman epitaphs, like the Greek. when relating to

undistinguished persons, were very brief; seldom presenting anything beyond the name of the deceased and the consulate under which he lived. But the inscriptions on some of the consuls, emperors, and other great men, often give a full narrative of their exploits, and hand them down to posterity in honour and fame.

Remarks are made in the body of this work on the catacomb epitaphs at Rome, and on the tombs in the Necropolis of Pompeii, to which the reader is referred. Among the ruins of Palmyra, that once gorgeous city of the wilderness, various sepulchres have been discovered; and on some of them inscriptions in an unknown character. Other inscriptions, however, are in a Greek dialect; and of these Mr. Wood, in his "Antiquities of Palmyra" gives some specimens. The only peculiar feature about them seems to be that the pedigree of the deceased to four or five generations past is stated. Sepulchral inscriptions have come down to us from the early Scandinavian, Celtic, and Saxon epoch. For these the Swedish author, Olaus Magnus, who published at Rome, in 1555, a work upon the antiquities of the North of Europe, may be consulted. In the English translation of his work it is stated to have been the custom of the old Goths and Danes, after their battles in the fields and mountains, to raise stones from ten to thirty feet long, and four or six feet broad, upon which they engraved short epitaphs to perpetuate the memory of their departed heroes. Obe-

lisks to the memory of deceased kings and princes were also very generally erected with inscriptions, which, for the most part, have now by lapse of time become illegible. Some, however, have been deciphered which date from the first introduction of Christianity amongst these Northern nations. Mr. Madden, in his "Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World," observes, that the type of our earliest rude ponderous unwrought stones, cromlechs, cairns, and barrows is to be found in Scandinavian remains. Many of the earliest inscriptions that have been discovered are in the so-called Runic characters, and belong, in the opinion of many antiquarians, partly to the Pagan, and partly to the early Christian period.

Of the huge stones, cairns, and cromlechs existing in Great Britain and Ireland at the present day, it has been thought by some they were erected as sepulchral monuments, several of which originally bore inscriptions, stating the name and rank of the deceased. Epitaphs, properly so called, are rarely met with in England previous to the eleventh century. These are written in the Latin language, and chiefly on priests and royal personages. After the time of William the Conqueror, they appear to have been written in Norman-French, till the sixteenth century, when the English language began to be commonly used, from which time to the present it may be truly said they too often consist of fulsome compliments and expressions of

respect which were never applied to the deceased while in life. Hence our English proverb, "He lies like an epitaph," and the French, "Menteur comme une epitaphe." Many on our church walls and in our burial grounds are, to use the somewhat coarse language of Pope, "sepulchral lies," the shame as well as derision of all honest men. The deceased, if judged by such fulsome panegyrics, were possessed of every virtue, perfect and as free from sin as the very angels of heaven.

But we have also, as opposed to these, epitaphs of a revengeful satirical kind, condemning the deceased, and setting at naught the old admonition that we should say nothing but what is good of the dead. Not a few, too, may be met with of use to the historian, the biographer, and the lawyer, which may be termed historical epitaphs; as that of Sir Thomas More, which is in itself a brief biography of the great chancellor—or that of Nicholas Wootten, a man notable in his day, on whose tomb we find a complete history of his various preferments and embassies; but long biographical epitaphs have now become very rare. Epitaphs reflecting upon the ladies and connubial bliss are not a few—one in Wales, whilst showing a romantic but prevalent custom of planting flowers on the grave, seems to speak unfavourably of the married state:

"This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife."

Many examples might be given in which the trade, profession, or some peculiar eccentricity is noticed, satirised and ridiculed; and others of a humorous description, as if written to excite laughter and merriment. These, with their punning words and attempts at wit, may be vulgar and unfeeling enough, but still more so are those which play upon the disease or mode of death of the defunct, as that in one of the Cheltenham churchyards:

"Here lie I and my three daughters,
All from drinking the Cheltenham waters:
While if we had kept to the Epsom salts
We should not now be in these here vaults."

Or that effusion on a locomotive, which appeared in the pages of one of our most facetious periodicals, "Written by the sole survivor of a deplorable accident (no blame to be attached to any servants of the company),

"Collisions four
Or five she bore,
The signals were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her biler busted,
And smashed the excursion train.
Her end was pieces."

Or that in Norwood Cemetery, on a tombstone:

"Poor old Granny."

The propensity for writing punning epitaphs existed at a very early period. The inscription on the tombstone of Pausanias, the Greek physician, contains a pun on his name. The first two lines have been thus translated:

> "Pausanias, not so named without a cause,
> Who oft to pain has given a pause."

The Romans do not appear to have indulged much in epitaphs of this description, but punning inscriptions in Latin of later times are very common; for the most part they are scarcely worth translating; and with many it is impossible to reproduce the pun in English. In the early part of the seventeenth century tombs seem to have been thought the proper place not only for puns, but for anagrams, acrostics, chronograms, Irish Bulls, and similar monstrosities, in the very worst taste—written as if meant solely to excite ridicule and laughter, instead of inspiring us with reverence and respect for the memory of the dead.

In most churchyards may be read the miserable doggrel which tells of

> "Afflictions sore long time I bore,
> Physicians were in vain,
> Till death gave ease, as God was please,
> To ease me of my pain."

Whilst regretting the frequency of epitaphs of this description, which bad grammar, bad diction, and

worse thoughts unite to render rather ludicrous than instructive, it must be mentioned we have others of a far different kind, striking exceptions to that execrable taste too much witnessed in many English churchyards, in which are fully accomplished the threefold object of an epitaph, "commemoration of the dead—comfort to the mourners, and a lesson for the reader;" in which "the tomb of a good man supplies the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produces the same effect as the observation of his life, which sets virtue in the strongest light, and exalts the reader's ideas and rouses his emulation," in which he is reminded of his own mortality, and of the vanity and emptiness of all things human, together with a pious admonition and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality. That there are so many epitaphs in our churchyards which are bad, and so few that are good, may perhaps be attributed to the fact that almost every person thinks himself able to write an epitaph.

"The tendency of the present day," says Mr. Jacobs in an admirable paper on epitaphs, "seems to be to do away with epitaphs properly so called, and merely to inscribe on the grave the name and age of the deceased, with the addition sometimes of a verse from the Bible. This is certainly preferable to the exhibitions of vulgarity and bad taste which a stroll in most of our churchyards and cemeteries will disclose. Let us hope, however, that a time may come when epitaphs

will universally be written with that care and loving reverence which should ever grace the memory of the dead."

The editor has divided his work into two sections. The first of these is devoted to the classic period, and embraces a selection from Greek and Latin authors, with translations. The second commences with "The Venerable Bede," and advances in chronological order to recent times. Some excuse is, perhaps, necessary for what may appear a rather incongruous arrangement in this section. But "de gustibus non est disputandum," or, as our facetious friend Horace has it:

> "Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem
> Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt totidem studiorum
> Millia."

Hence, even among epitaphs, many readers will probably desire to see a sprinkling of the satirical and the quaint; epitaphs, in short, of which some have really been used for the "dear defuncts," and others composed, on the spur of the moment, simply to gratify a whim or jeu d'esprit. The hypercritical may regard the latter as mere specimens of funny ignorance or splenetic levity; but, as such compositions have appeared in other works on epitaphs, the editor craves pardon for introducing a few in this part of the book. He is aware that in handling so extensive and interesting a subject, he must necessarily be guilty of many

errors, both of omission and of commission. Still, with all its faults, he is sanguine enough to believe that the present publication will not be considered "de trop" in the literary world. It would most likely never have seen the light, but for the suggestion of an eminent critic, who, on reviewing the second edition of "Epigrams," gave it as his opinion that a volume exclusively devoted to epitaphs would form a very proper and natural sequel to that work. In this opinion the editor heartily concurs. He has, therefore, compiled the following pages, not without considerable expense of time and trouble—expense, however, which he will not regret should his labours be found to deserve the reward of public approbation.

Bromyard,
Feb. 1868.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

ADDÆUS MAC., from the Greek of, pp. 35, 36.
Addison, 86.
Agathias, from the Greek of, 14.
Anacreon, from the Greek of, 23.
Antipater, from the Greek of, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 31.
Asclepiades of Samos, from the Greek of, 28.
Atterbury, Bishop, 93.
Aytoun, Professor W. E., 140.
Ausonius, from the Latin of, 46, 48.

Balthazar, B., from the Latin of, 58.
Barber, Mrs., 197.
Barnard, Dean, 125.
Barnfield, R., 74.
Bembo, Cardinal, from the Latin of, 59.
Beza, Theodore, from the Latin of, 57.
Bland, 9, 16, 30, 31, 32, 204.
Boswell, 163.
Boyd, Hugh, 28.
Bregy, Countess de, 136.
Brougham, Lord, 190.
Burges, Rev. George, 19, 24.
Burgon, Rev. J. W., 25, 30.
Burton, 26.

Burns, Robert, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 184, 185, 186.
Byron, Lord, 39, 184, 185, 186.

Cabanal, William, 189, 190.
Callimachus, from the Greek of, 24, 32.
Camden, 70.
Camden's Remains, 76.
Campbell, Thomas, 206.
Capilupus, from the Latin of, 57.
Caraccioli, 139.
Catullus, from the Latin of, 40, 41.
Chatham, Earl of, 133.
Churchill, Charles, 116, 144.
Claudian, from the Latin of, 48.
Coleridge, Hartley, 190.
Coleridge, S. T., 201.
Collins, 126.
Combe, Wm. (Dr. Syntax), 180, 181, 182, 183.
Corbet, Bishop, 66.
Cowley, 73, 85, 86.
Cowper, William, 23, 26, 32, 162, 175, 176, 177, 178.
Crashaw, 76.

Davies, Rev. James, 5, 7, 8, 35, 36, 38, 48, 55, 79.
Demascius, from the Greek of, 25.
Demiurgus, from the Greek of, 6.
Dibdin, Charles, 180.
Diodorus, from the Greek of, 10, 20.
Diogenes, Laert., from the Greek of, 11, 33, 34.
Dioscorides, from the Greek of, 22.
Domitius, Marsus, from the Latin of, 38.
Dryden, 14, 90, 91, 92.

Elton, 40.

Ennius, Q., from the Latin of, 38, 40.
Eutolmius, from the Greek of, 25.
Evans, Dr., 43, 107.

Farley, T., 28.
Fawkes, 13.
Fisher, Rev. J., 191.
Flood, Rt. Hon. H., 162.

Garrick, David, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146.
Garth, Dr., 88.
Goldsmith, O., 121, 122, 123, 124, 156.
Gay, 96.
Gray, 128.
Greene, E. B., 45.
Gregory of Nazianzen, from the Greek of, 28.

Hale, Rev. Philip, 153, 197, 215.
Hay, 30, 46.
Hayley, Wm., 175.
Heber, Bishop, 197.
Hegesippus, from the Greek of, 29.
Heinsius, Daniel, from the Latin of, 56.
Heraclides, from the Greek of, 23.
Herrick, Robert, 31, 70, 71, 72.
Hodgson, F., 23, 24, 28, 41, 45.
Hunt, Leigh, 46.

Ion, from the Greek of, 12.
Isidorus, from the Greek of, 23.

Jenyns, Soame, 163.
Johnson, Dr. Sam., 159, 160, 162.
Jonson, Ben, 44, 67, 68.

Jortin, Dr., 155.
Julianus, from the Greek of, 24.

Landor, W. S., 89, 115, 199.
Leonidas, or Plato, from the Greek of, 9, 14, 15, 22.
Lockhart, J. G., 202.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 204.
Lowth, Bishop, 113.
Lucian, from the Greek of, 28.

Macaulay, Lord, 194, 195.
Macgregor, Major, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 25, 27, 33, 34.
Mackay, Charles, 190.
Magazine, Blackwood's.
Magazine, Gentleman's (p. 121).
Martial, from the Latin of, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46.
Mason, Wm , 128.
Meleager, from the Greek of, 24, 31.
Merivale, Rev. J. H., 11, 22, 23, 24, 32.
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, 108, 109.
Moore, Thomas, Memoirs of, by Lord Russell, 203.
MS. Sixteenth Century, 42.

Nugent, Lord, 125.

Old Humphrey, 130.
Orrery, Earl of, 102.
Orford, Earl of, 116.

Palladas, from the Greek of, 24, 25.
Passertius, J., from the Latin of, 56.
Paulus, Sil., from the Greek of, 26, 30.

Peat, Rev. J., 200.
Pindar, P., 179.
Pinytus, from the Greek of, 8.
Piozzi, Mrs. (Thrale), 47.
Piron, M., 138.
Plato, from the Greek of, 23.
Pontanus, from the Latin of, 59.
Pope, 16, 93, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101.
Porson, 175.
Pratt, 147.
Prior, 110, 111.

Quarles, 68.

Ralph, Josiah, 45.
Review, London, 133.
Review, Westminster, 45.
Riddell, J., 19.
Rochester, Earl of, 80.
Rolt, 101.
Roscoe, Wm., 187.
Rousseau, John B., 137.
Rowan, Dr. A. B., 42.
Russell's, Earl, Memoirs of Moore, 157.

S., 56, 57, 58, 59, 81, 136, 137, 139.
Sannazaro, from the Latin of, 55.
Savage, Richard, 154.
Scaliger, J. J., from the Latin of, 57.
Scott, Sir W., 198, 210.
Shakespeare, 69, 70.
Shenston, 134.
Simmias, Th., from the Greek of, 12.
Simonides, from the Greek of, 17, 19, 32.

Sion Coll. Library, 84.
Smith, James, 199.
Smith, Prof. Goldwin, 14, 22, 24, 29.
Smyth, Professor, 194.
Smyth, R., 192.
Spectator, from the, 12.
Speucippus, from the Greek of, 10, 11.
Stephens, Henry, from the Latin of, 56.
Sterling, John, 17, 19.
Stodart, Miss M. A., 22.
Swift, Dean, 95, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106.

Tickell, 209.
Theocritus, from the Greek of, 12.
Thomson, 127.

Walpole, Horace, 129.
Watts, Alaric A., 200.
Wellesley, Rev. Dr., 25, 26, 28, 29.
Wellesley, Marquis, 50, 51.
Whately, Archbishop, 213.
Wordsworth, Wm., 208.
Wotton, Sir Wm., 72.
Wrangham, Archdeacon, 27.
Wright, Rev. J. H. C., 39, 165, 211.

Young, 117.

Zenodotus, or Rhianus, from the Greek of, 30.

SECTION I.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY AND FROM LATIN AUTHORS.

36

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.[1]

On Homer.[2]

1. Antipater of Sidon, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 3.

SMALL though my tomb, O Trav'ller! pass not by;
But pay due homage to the gods on high.
I hold, most loved of the Pierian Nine,
The epic poet, Homer the divine.

Major Macgregor.

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[1] Jacob's edition of the Greek Anthology, 4 vols. 8vo., Leipsic, 1813-17, is used for the monumental epigrams from the Greek; and for the information contained in the notes of the first section the editor is mainly indebted to Grote's and Dr. W. Smith's valuable works on Grecian History. Colonel Mure's "Critical History of Greek Literature," and Major Macgregor's excellent translations of the Greek Anthology have, too, been freely used. All these are masterpieces of historical literature, which cannot be too highly praised for the vast amount of information they afford to the classical scholar. Various English and foreign authors have been laid under contribution for many of the notes which appear in the second section.

[2] Homer is supposed to have flourished about 900 years

2. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 7.

HERE lieth Homer the divine, who sung
All Greece, from hundred-gated Thebæ[3] sprung.
Major Macgregor.

B. C., and to have composed his grand poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey, in detached ballads or rhapsodies, which some learned men, by order of the Athenian tyrant, Pisistratus, collected and methodized. He was universally regarded by the ancients as the author of these two poems, which belief continued till 1795, when Wolf, a German critic, wrote his famous "*Prolegomena ad Homerum*," and endeavoured to prove that Troy and such a personage as Homer, the reputed author of these epics, never existed. This led to much controversy, in which extraordinary learning is displayed. "But the universal belief of antiquity, and constant reference of the best informed of the ancient writers to the general events of the Trojan war, and the facts connected with that belief in the authentic history of ancient Greece and Rome, seem to afford, at least, a much stronger presumption of veracity to the general opinion than to its contrary." "The distinguishing merits of Homer are his minute description of ancient manners, his genius for the sublime and beautiful, the harmony of his poetical numbers, and his profound knowledge of human nature." Though the subjects of these poems appear of great extent and amplitude, the action of each is, in reality, comprehended within a very short space of time. That of the Iliad occupies but a few days. The indignation of Achilles upon the insult received from Agamemnon, his retiring from the war, and the consequent advantages of the Trojans, who set fire to the Grecian fleet, when Patroclus comes forth in the armour of his friend Achilles and is slain by Hector; this rouses Achilles, who kills Hector. He then celebrates the obsequies of

3. Antip. Sid. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 6.

BARD of brave deeds, that doth the gods' will speak,
Light of the muses, voice that never dieth ;
In life another sun to every Greek,
Here in the sea-wash'd earth great Homer lieth.

Rev. James Davies.

Patroclus, and delivers up to Priam for a ransom the body of his brave son. This is, in brief, the whole action of the Iliad, which closes with the burial of Hector; and the moral to be derived from this justly celebrated and immortal poem is that dissensions among the chiefs of a country generally prove fatal to the people.

The structure of the Odyssey, the action of which is comprised in forty days, is more various and artful than that of the Iliad. Ulysses, king of Ithaca, had been absent many years from his country, after the taking of Troy,

"Thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,"

and his death was considered certain. Penelope, his wife, harassed by the importunate addresses of many suitors, could no longer invent plausible pretexts for delaying her choice of a second husband. At this crisis the action of the Odyssey commences. Telemachus, their son, goes to Greece to interrogate Nestor regarding the fate of his father; and, during his absence, Ulysses, having left the island of Calypso, is thrown by a tempest on the island of the Phæacians near Ithaca. Here he recites his various adventures, and obtains assistance from the prince of the country for the recovery of his native possessions, now occupied and pillaged by the insolent suitors of his queen. He arrives in Ithaca, discovers himself to his son, and takes jointly with him effectual measures to accomplish

On Hesiod.[4]

Demiurgus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 52.

Crown of wide Hellas, of all song the grace,
I cover Hesiod of Ascræan race.—*Major M.*

On Orpheus.[5]

Antip. Sid. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 8.

No more bewitched by magic song
The oaks, the rocks, the brutish throng

---

his revenge, and extirpate these presumptuous ravagers. The moral of the Odyssey is, that prudence joined to courage and perseverance is sufficient to surmount the most powerful obstacles.

[3] In the time of its greatness this city of Thebais in Egypt, reputed the oldest city of the world, could send into the field, by each of its hundred gates, twenty thousand fighting men and two hundred chariots. Thebes, which in the time of its splendour (B. C. 1600) extended above thirty-three miles, was taken by Cambyses, king of Persia. Its ruins, perhaps the most magnificent in the world, consist of temples, colossi, sphinxes, and obelisks, and enclose within their site the four modern villages of Carnac, Luxor, Medinet Abou, and Gournou. Its tombs are on the west side of the Nile, many of which are cut in the rock, and adorned with paintings which are still as fresh as if just finished. The Greek of the epigram shows that "sprung" applies to Homer and not to all Greece; and therefore Thebes, it would appear, like other cities, laid claim to Homer.

[4] Hesiod is the first ancient Greek poet who wrote on Agricul-

Shall them, sweet Orpheus, lead ;
No more o'er billow, blast, and hail,
Nor driving snow thy spells prevail,
And force their wills to heed :
For lost art thou ! Full oft for thee
The daughters of Mnemosyne,
And most thy mother, weep :
Why mourn we, friends, for children dead ?
Not e'en the gods from offspring's head
Can death and Hades keep.—*J. Davies.*

On Archilochus.[6]

Tarry and look on old Archilochus,
The weaver of Iambics. East and West

---

ture. His chief poem, "Works and Days," contains economical, ethical, and political precepts, written in humble style, devoid of any poetical imagery or ornament. It abounds with rules touching commerce, navigation, the education of children, and other domestic subjects. His "Shield of Hercules," an imitation of the Homeric description of the Shield of Achilles, is probably only a fragment of a larger poem now lost.

[5] Of this mythical personage there are numerous wild legends; but there can be little doubt he was one of the early lyric poets of Greece, and lived before the time of Homer, and obtained great celebrity for his musical genius. His poems are often quoted by Plato, and the allusions to them in later writers are very frequent. The extant poems, which bear the name of Orpheus, are forgeries; but in his "Theogony" we have fragments that are undoubtedly genuine.

[6] This great satirist (B.C. 700) was the first Greek poet who composed iambic verses according to fixed rules. The

His fame, that knew no limit, have confest.
His art, so skilful and melodious
To link sweet words, then sing them to his lyre,
The muse was fain to love, and Phœbus to admire.

J. Davies.

SAPPHO.[7]

Pinytus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 16.

THIS tomb has Sappho's bones and idle name;
But her wise words have won immortal fame.

R. G. M.

ANACREON.[8]

1. Antip. Sid. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 26.

FRIENDS, who Anacreon's simple tomb pass by,
If e'er my lays your profit did supply,

---

invention of the elegy is ascribed to him as well as to Callinus; and he also struck out many other new paths in poetry. His fame, however, rests chiefly on his satires, composed in the iambic metre:

"Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo."

Horace Ars. Poet.

[7] A native of Lesbos (B.C. 610). Fragments only of her poems have come down to us. The most important of which is a splendid Ode to Venus (Aphrodite), of which perhaps we possess the whole. The Lesbians, after her death, called her the tenth muse, and stamped their coinage with her image.

[8] Anacreon lived a life of constant gaiety. He sings of

Pour wine upon my bones; bedew'd with wine,
Old joys once more shall thrill this dust of mine:
So I, on earth, in Bacchus' revels versed,
Whom bright wine and glad music, mingling, nursed,
May, with its flow endure, e'en dead, the place,
Last home appointed for the human race.—*R. G. M.*

2. Antip. Sid. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 23.

GROW, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
There may soft buds from purple meadows rise:
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And fragrant wine flow joyous from his grave.
Thus charm'd, his bones shall press their narrow bed
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.—*Bland.*

PINDAR.[9]

Leonidas or Plato, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 35.

PINDAR, to strangers kind, to country dear,
Priest of the sweet Pierian choir, sleeps here.
R. G. M.

---

love and wine with hearty good will, and we see in him the luxury of the Ionian inflamed by the fervour of the poet. Of his poems only a few genuine fragments have come down to us; for the "Odes" attributed to him, though much prized, are now admitted to be spurious.

[9] The greatest lyric poet of Greece (B.C. 520). The only poems of his we have entire are the triumphal odes. Of the rest of his works we have numerous fragments, some of which are mentioned in the well-known lines of Horace (Carm. iv. 2).

ARISTOPHANES.[10]

Diodorus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 38.

GODLIKE Aristophanes beneath me is laid in his last sleep,
Famous in comedy, and memorial of choruses ancient.
R. G. M.

CALLIMACHUS.[11]

THOU by ambrosial muses blest, associate lov'd of all,
Hail! our own old Callimachus, even in Hades-hall.

ON PLATO.[12]

1. Speucippus, Jac. Bk. vi. Ep. 61.

EARTH hides this, Plato's body, in her breast,
His soul immortal ranks among the blest,
Viewing whose godlike life, to latest times
The good man honours him in distant climes.—*R. G. M.*

---

[10] His comedies are of the highest historical interest, containing as they do an admirable series of caricatures on the leading men of the day (B. C. 440), and a contemporary commentary on the evils existing at Athens. Some of his choruses unrivalled in Greek for their humour and spirit, and not very dissimilar to English ballads.

[11] Callimachus is said to have written a vast number of works in prose and verse. His epigrams belong to the best specimens of this kind of poetry. His elegies were imitated by the Roman poets: *e. g.* "De Coma Berenices" of Catullus.

[12] Plato's works have come down to us entire, and have always been admired as a model of the union of artistic per-

2. Diog. Laert. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 108.

To Greece if Phœbus had not Plato brought,
How had his lessons to mankind been taught?
As Æsculapius[13] of the mortal frame,
So Plato of the soul a healer came.—*R. G. M.*

3. Speucippus, Planudean, Bk. i. Ep. 31.

Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests;
His soul among the godlike heroes rests.
J. H. Merivale.

Æschylus.[14]

Antipater Thes. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 39.

The tragic style, the pomp of song sublime,
Who first built up in strong and stately rhyme,
Æschylus of Euphorian, far from home,
Here lies, Trinacria honouring with his tomb.
R. G. M.

---

fection with philosophical acuteness and depth. His views of the Deity and a future state are so clear, and his moral precepts so pure, that he has been thought to have had a knowledge of the Mosaic writings; a supposition which, considering his long residence in Egypt, is not improbable.

[13] Worshipped all over Greece as the god of the medical art; but in Homer's poems he is simply called, "the blameless physician." His daughter, Hygeia, styled the goddess of health. To both were many temples and statues erected.

[14] The dramatic compositions of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, have each of them their peculiar distinguishing

SOPHOCLES.

Simmias the Theban, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 22.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs to intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine ;
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
Whose soul, exalted by the God of Wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Anon. From the Spectator.

EURIPIDES.

Ion, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 43.

IN lone Pieria's darksome dell thy bed
In endless night, Euripides, is spread;
But know, though laid in dust, thy deathless praise
Shall equal live with Homer's heavenly lays.—*R. G. M.*

HIPPOMAX.[15]

Theocritus, Jac. Bk. xiii. Ep. 3.

HIPPOMAX the verse-satirist lies here,
If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near ;

---

merits. Æschylus, called the father of the Athenian tragedy, excels in grandeur; Sophocles, in the grand and sublime; and Euripides, in pathos and tenderness.

[15] Celebrated for the severity of his satires on the effeminate

But if well-bred, and from all evil pure,
Sit here with confidence, and sleep secure.—*Fawkes.*

HERODOTUS.[16]

Jac. App. Ep. 212.

HERODOTUS, of Lyxes son,
Is buried in this mould :

---

luxury of the Ionians, and his ridicule of the gods themselves. He wrote, too, a parody on the Iliad. "He occupies a middle place between Archilochus and Aristophanes. He is as bitter, but not so earnest, as the former; while in lightness and jocoseness he more resembles the latter."

[16] Surnamed the "Father of History," born B. C. 484. His history is comprised in nine books, to which his countrymen in their admiration, gave the name of the Nine Muses. Its principal subject is the internal struggles of the Greeks; but he has introduced episodical narratives of the histories of the Medes, Persians, Egyptians, and other nations; and he has interwoven into it all the varied and extensive knowledge acquired in his travels, and by his own personal researches. His admiration of Athens, which he declared to be the saviour of Grecian liberty, was rewarded by a vote of its people with the sum of ten talents out of the public treasury. The ease and simplicity of his style lend it an indescribable charm, and we seem rather to be conversing with an intelligent traveller than reading an elaborately composed history. On the other hand, a certain want of skill in composition may be observed. He lacks, too, that depth of philosophical reflection which we find in Thucydides; and often exhibits an almost childish credulity, yet he was evidently a sincere lover of truth. His accounts, where he speaks from his own observations, may be implicitly

The prince was he, and parent of
Ionia's hist'ry old:
His birth amid the Dorians was,
But thence obliged to roam
By Envy's tooth insatiate, he
Chose Thyrea for his home.—*R. G. M.*

PLUTARCH.[17]

Agathias Planudean, Jac. Bk. i. Ep. 331.

CHÆRONEAN Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise,
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared,
Their heroes written and their lives compared.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own—
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.
Dryden.

EPICTETUS.[18]

Leonidas, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 676.

A SLAVE was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,
And a cripple, and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies. *Prof. Goldwin Smith.*

---

relied on; and many of them which were formerly doubted as improbable have been confirmed by the researches of modern travellers. In short, Herodotus is the Homer of history. He has all the majesty and simplicity of the great epic bard, and all the freshness and vivacity of colouring which mark the founder of a new literary epoch.

[17] In his most celebrated work, "Lives of Illustrious Men,"

On Leonidas.

Leonidas T. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 715.

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the dear land of my infancy.
'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,
But in a stranger-land 'tis worse than death!

---

perhaps more extensively read in modern times than any other work of antiquity, his biography is true, impartial, portraitive, evincing an abhorrence of vice and tyranny, and an accurate acquaintance with the human mind.

[18] "In this distich is comprised the noblest panegyric, and the most important instruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of heaven amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery: slavery which has always been found so destructive to virtue, that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be likewise admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real value, since Epictetus the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of heaven."—*Dr. Sam. Johnson.* His writings are devoid of all ornament, concise, full of energy and useful maxims. He gained the esteem of Adrian and Marcus Aurelius. The emperor Antoninus thanked the gods he could collect from the writings of Epictetus wherewith to conduct life with honour to himself and advantage to his country. His favourite maxim was, "*Bear and forbear.*" Into this he resolved every principle of practical morality. He declared himself strongly against suicide, and supported the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

It is not life to pass our fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings on the world's wide stage :
But me the muse has ever loved, and given
Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of heaven,
Nor lets my memory decay, but long
To distant times preserves my deathless song.[19]

Bland.

The most affecting lines that Pope ever wrote were suggested by the above :—

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier ;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

HIPPOCRATES.[20]

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 135.

HIPPOCRATES of Thessaly lies here :
His family, in Cos, from Phœbus drew
Immortal root. To young Hygeia dear,
Aided by her best weapons, well he knew

---

[19] The dread of exile among the Greeks was excessive. It deepened the horror of the grave, and aggravated the fear of death. "The epigrams of Leonidas are chiefly inscriptions for dedicatory offerings and works of art, and though not of a very high order of poetry, are usually pleasing, ingenious, and in good taste."

[20] The most celebrated physician of antiquity (B. C. 460),

Trophies to win o'er many a human ill,
Great fame obtaining, not by chance, but skill.

R. G. M.

MARATHON.[21]

Simonides, Jac. App. Ep. 167.

AT Marathon for Greece the Athenians fought;
And low the Medians' gilded power they brought.

Sterling.

---

before whose time the art of healing consisted of mystical juggleries and superstitious practices, pursued by the priests as a source of profit. "He divided the causes of disease into two principal classes; the one comprehending the influence of seasons, climates, water, &c., and the other the influence of food, exercise, &c." His remedies were of the simplest kind, always insisting that the physician should follow nature. His many moral reflections and apophthegms in his writings, some of which (as for example, Life is short, and Art is long) have acquired a sort of proverbial notoriety, and show him to have been a profound thinker.

[21] The victory obtained over the Persians by the Athenians (B. C. 490) at the battle of Marathon, called by Creasy one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, freed them for some years from all fear of the Persian power; and in succeeding ages they never tired of hearing its praises sounded by their orators and poets. The ambition of king Darius, the son of Hystaspes, heightened by the passion of revenge, urged that monarch to invade Greece by sea and land. The Persian fleet was wrecked in doubling the promontory of Athos; a second, of six hundred sail, ravaged the Grecian islands; while an immense army, under Datis, landing in Euboea,

MILTIADES.

Jac. App. Ep. 292.

THE Persians all the deeds well knew of thy war-daring life,
Miltiades! and Marathon with thy valour's praise is rife. *R. G. M.*

---

poured down with impetuosity on Attica. The Athenians met them with a small force on the plain of Marathon, and headed by Miltiades, defeated them with prodigious slaughter. "It requires some effort of the imagination to appreciate in its full extent the heroism of the Athenians at Marathon. The Medes and Persians had hitherto pursued an almost uninterrupted career of conquest. They had rolled over country after country, each successive wave engulphing some ancient dynasty, some powerful monarchy. The Median, Lydian, Babylonian, and Egyptian empires had all fallen before them; and latterly the Asiatic Greeks, many of whose cities were as populous and powerful as Athens itself, had been taught by a bitter lesson the folly of resistance to these invincible foes. Never yet had the Medes and Persians met the Greeks in the field and been defeated. For hitherto, says Herodotus, the very name of Medes had struck terror into the hearts of the Greeks; and the Athenians were the first to endure the sight of their armour, and to look them in the face on the field of battle." The loss of the Persians was 6400, and that of the Athenians 192. Over the remains of the latter a tumulus, or mound, was erected, which may still be seen about half a mile from the sea. A separate monument near it was erected to Miltiades, who survived the battle. See "Tale of the Great Persian War," by Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A. Longmans and Co.

FOR THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.[22]

Simonides, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 249.

TELL the Spartans, passer-by,
At their bidding here we lie. *J. Riddell.*

STRANGER, to Lacedæmon go, and tell,
That here, obedient to her words, we fell.
George Burges.

ON THE ATHENIANS WHO FELL AT SALAMIS.[23]

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 250.

THE sons of Athens here laid Persia low
And saved their native land from slavery's woe.
J. Sterling.

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[22] Darius Hystaspes, dying, was succeeded by his son Xerxes, the heir of his father's ambition, but not of his abilities. He armed, as is said, 5,000,000 men for the conquest of Greece; 1200 ships of war, and 3000 ships of burden. Landing in Thessaly, he proceeded by rapid marches to Thermopylæ, a narrow defile leading from Thessaly into Locris. Leonidas, king of Sparta, was chosen by the Athenians and their allies to defend this important post with 6000 men. For three days the immense army of the Persians in vain strove to force their way, and were repeatedly repulsed with great slaughter. Having found another path over the mountains which brought them to the rear of the Greeks, they at length became masters of the pass. Leonidas, foreseeing certain destruction, commanded all to retire but 300 of his countrymen. He with his brave Spartans were all cut off to a man (B.C. 480). Twenty

On Themistocles.[24]

1. Diodorus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 74.

THE people of Magnesia here this empty tomb decreed
To great Themistocles, who saved his country from the
Mede:

---

thousand Persians are said to have fallen in this conflict. A monument erected on the spot bore the noble inscription by Simonides, whose single couplet was preferred to the inscription written by Æschylus.

[23] The Persians, after their victory at Thermopylæ, poured down upon Attica. The inhabitants of Athens, after conveying their women and children to the islands for security, betook themselves to their fleet, abandoning the city which the Persians pillaged and burnt. The fleet of the Greeks, under Themistocles, consisting of 380 sail, was attacked in the straits of Salamis by that of the Persians, amounting to 1200 ships. Xerxes himself beheld from an eminence on the coast the total discomfiture of his squadron, and fled with precipitation across the Hellespont, leaving his general, Mardonius, with 300,000 men to complete the conquest of Greece. It is almost needless to mention that the Persians were totally defeated with immense slaughter at Platæa by the combined army of the Athenians and Spartans (B. C. 479), Mardonius himself being amongst the slain. On the same day the Greeks engaged and destroyed the remains of the Persian fleet at Mycale. Thus was Greece effectually and for ever delivered from all fear of the Persian yoke.

[24] This justly celebrated admiral, general, and patriot, who fought under Miltiades at Marathon, and who, in intuitive sagacity, in ready invention, and in prompt and daring execu-

He sank 'neath foreign shore and stone; for such, alas! the will
Of envious Fate, that small reward awaits on Virtue still.

---

tion, surpasses almost every statesman, whether of ancient or of modern times, converted Athens into a maritime power. He clearly saw that it would be impossible for his countrymen to humble their enemies without a powerful fleet, and that the very position of Athens fitted it to be a maritime and not a land power. With unerring foresight he divined the plans of his enemies: in the midst of difficulties and perplexities, not only was he never at a loss for an expedient, but he always adopted the right one; and he carried out his schemes with an energy and promptness which astonished both friends and foes. But these transcendent abilities were marred by a want of honesty. In the exercise of power, unlike his rival, Aristides, whose uprightness and justice were so universally acknowledged that he received the surname of the Just, Themistocles was accessible to bribes, and closed a glorious career in disgrace and infamy, an exile and a traitor. He died B.C. 450, aged 65, at Magnesia, an Ionian city in the south-west of Lydia. His most famous exploit was his great naval victory at Salamis, by which the maritime power of Persia was laid prostrate. The above epitaph was supposed to have been inscribed upon his tomb by his friends, who are said to have carried his bones to Attica, and secretly buried them in his native land. In the time of the Roman empire this tomb was shown upon the promontory at the right hand of the entrance of the great harbour of Piræus. This may be the invention of a later age; but the imagination could not have chosen a fitter spot for the ashes of the founder of the maritime greatness of Athens. See "The Tale of the Great Persian War," by Rev. G. W. Cox.

So also

BY the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store,
And when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

Dioscorides, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 434.

EIGHT sons Demæneta at Sparta's call
Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them all.
No tear she shed, but shouted, "Victory!
Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee."

Goldwin Smith.

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 347.

HERE Adrimantus rests: the same was he
Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty.

J. H. Merivale.

Leonidas, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 740.

THE name of Crethon and his state to show,
This stone is placed; he lies in dust below;
Who erst like Gyges did in wealth abound;
Who erst beheld his herds and flocks around;
Who erst—why longer idly talk? this man,
Envied by all, now holds of earth a span.

Miss M. A. Stodart.

Plato, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 265.

THIS is a sailor's—that a ploughman's tomb;
Thus sea and land abide one common doom.

F. Hodgson.

Heraclides, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 465.

IN Cnidus born, the consort I became
Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.
His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,
But bore two children at a birth, and died.
One child I leave to solace and uphold
Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old.
And one, for his remembrance' sake, I bear
To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

Wm. Cowper.

ON A FOWLER.

Isidorus Æ. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 156.

WITH seeds and birdlime, from the desert air,
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty fare;
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares.

Wm. Cowper.

Anacreon, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 160.

TIMOCRITUS adorns this humble grave;
Mars spares the coward, but destroys the brave.

J. H. Merivale.

Meleager, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 461.

HAIL, universal mother! Lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
Its fellow worm. *J. H. Merivale.*

Palladas, Jac. Bk. x. Ep. 59.

DEATH to expect brings much of grief and pain;
Which not to feel the dead may count a gain.
For him lament not, who yields up his breath;
There is no second suffering after death.
G. Burges.

Callimachus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 451.

BENEATH this tomb Acanthian Saon lies
In holy sleep: the good man never dies.
F. Hodgson.

Imitation of the same on MADAN, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, ob. 1813.

IN sacred sleep the pious bishop lies,
Say not in death—a good man never dies.

ON A YOUTH.

Julianus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 603.

CRUEL is Death? Nay, kind. He that is ta'en,
Was old in wisdom, though his years were few.
Life's pleasure hath he lost—escaped life's pain—
Nor wedded joys, nor wedded sorrows knew.
Goldwin Smith.

Eulolmius, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 608.

MENIPPE watch'd her darling infant die,
Then pour'd her soul in one heart-rending sigh:
Nor sorrow'd more! that burst of inward strife
Ended at once her anguish and her life.

Rev. J. W. Burgon.

Palladas, Jac. Bk. x. Ep. 58.

NAKED I entered at my birth;
Naked I hie me back to earth:
Why then should I so anxious be?
Since naked still the end I see. *J. W. Burgon.*

Demascius, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 553.

ZOSMA, in body only once a slave,
Now e'en for it finds freedom in the grave.[25]

Major M.

TO DEATH.

Jac. App. Ep. 196.

SWEETER than life thou com'st, who from disease,
From painful gout and trouble giv'st me ease.

Dr. Wellesley.

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[25] "It is impossible to read this epitaph without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine, whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, 'The poor cease from their labours, and the weary are at rest.'"—DR. S. JOHNSON.

On an Old Bachelor.

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 309.

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

W. Cowper.

On an Infant.

Jac. App. Ep. 122.

Insatiate grave! we all are due to thee.
Then why such haste? Why seize a babe like me?

Dr. Wellesley.

Paulus Sil. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 307.

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether proud or base my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all, what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
Thou know'st its use. It hides—no matter whom.

W. Cowper.

Jac. Bk. ix. Ep. 49.

I've found a port: Fortune and Hope, adieu!
Mock others now; for I have done with you.

Burton.

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 336.

HARASS'D by age and want, without a friend,
One helping hand, my need's support, to lend,
Hither I crept with tottering step and slow,
And in the grave at length found peace from woe;
Buried ere dead; for me's reversed the doom
Assign'd to men, whose death precedes the tomb.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

ON THALES.[26]

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 83.

MILETUS of Ionia, the birth of Thales nurst,
Wisest in knowledge, and of all Astrologers the first!

R. G. M.

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[26] Thales is generally allowed to have been the father of Greek philosophy, and stands first on the list of the seven wise men. He was a believer in a deity pervading the universe, made some inventions in geometry, and first observed the apparent diameter of the sun. He likewise observed the nature and course of eclipses. The illusory science of Astrology, which has captivated the philosophers of every age and nation, is said to have originated with the Chaldæans; and when Egypt was a Roman province "the poor Jews took to it as a trade." It was much in vogue during the middle ages, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was taught in the Italian universities. Its early history in England is very little known; but it is certain Roger Bacon and Bede were addicted to it.

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 357.

THOUGH here you laid my corpse when none were nigh,
One saw thee, murderer, one all-seeing eye.

F. Hodgson.

ON TWINS.

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 329.

ONE grave these twins entombs: one day their breath
They both received, and both one day their death.

Dr. Wellesley.

Lucian, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 308.

A CHILD of five short years, unknown to woe,
Callimachus my name, I rest below.
Mourn not my fate. If few the joys of life,
Few were its ills, its conflicts; brief its strife.

T. Farley.

Gregory of Nazianzen, Jac. Bk. viii. Ep. 126.

EUPHEMIUS slumbers in this hallow'd ground,
Son of Amphilocus, by all renown'd:
He whom the Graces to the Muses gave,
Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave.
The minstrels came to chaunt the bridal lay;
But swifter envy bore the prize away.

Hugh Boyd.

Asclepiades of Samos, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 284.

KEEP off, rude sea, if but eight cubits' length;
And roar and rage, and swell with all thy strength.

The grave of Eumare's should'st thou take, thy gains
Are but the bones and ashes it contains.

Dr. Wellesley.

On Timon.[27]

Hegesippus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 320.

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all round:
Stranger, approach it not, your feet you'll wound.
Timon the misanthrope dwells here. Pass on,
And vent your curses as you pass. Begone.

Dr. Wellesley.

On the Heroes of the Iliad—Hector and Achilles.

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 137.

O mete not Hector's greatness by his grave;
This single arm erewhile all Greece could brave.
The Iliad, Homer, Greece, and Greeks that fled,
These are my tomb; all these enshrine me dead.

Professor Goldwin Smith.

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[27] A native of Colyttas, in Attica. In consequence of being deceived in the friendships he had formed, he declared himself the enemy of the human race, and lived secluded from mankind. He formed a subject of ridicule in the comedies of Aristophanes, and his name has been rendered immortal by Shakespeare.

Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 142.

THE tomb of brave Achilles this, which Greeks beside the sea
Rear'd up in ancient days to scare the Trojans yet to be.
The son of ocean—Thetis sleeps, where ocean's sleepless surge
May pour for him all lovingly an everlasting dirge.

Rev. J. W. Burgon.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Paulus Sil. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 604.

SWEET maid, thy parents fondly thought
To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;
But thou hast left a being fraught
With wiles and toils and anxious fear.
For us remains a journey drear,
For thee a blest and calm repose,
Uniting in thy short career
The fruit of age, of youth the rose. *Bland.*

Zenodotus or Rhianus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 315.

TWIST round me, thou rough earth, the prickly thorn;
Let the crook'd savage bramble-branch adorn
My tomb, that birds of spring may shun the place,
And I may rest alone in perfect peace.
Unloved of all, the misanthrope am I,
Timon, of whom e'en Pluto's self is shy. *Hay.*

Antip. Th. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 493.

HERE sleeps a daughter by her mother's side;
Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied.
When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
Preferring death, we left a land enslaved.
Pierced by a mother's steel in youth I bled;
She nobly join'd me in my gory bed.
In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave. *Bland.*

Meleager, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 182.

THE morne which saw me made a bride,
That evening witnest that I died.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Served but as tapers for to burne,
And light my reliques to their urne.
The epitaph which here your see,
Supplied the Epithalamie.[28] *Herrick.*

Antip. Sid. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 353.

THIS rudely sculptured porter pot
Denotes where sleeps a female sot;
Who pass'd her life, good easy soul,
In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.

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[28] This is rather a parallel, or a poem, based on Meleager, than a translation.

Not for her friends or children dear
She mourns, but only for her beer.
E'en in the very grave, they say,
She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;
And, faith, she thinks it very wrong
This jug should stand unfill'd so long. *Bland.*

Callimachus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 517.

AT morn we placed on his funereal bier
Young Melanippus; and at eventide,
Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
By her own hand his blooming sister died.
Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
Annihilated by a double blow,
Nor son could hope, nor daughter to embrace,
And all Cyrene sadden'd at his woe. *Wm. Cowper.*

Simonides, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 677.

THIS tomb records Megistias' honour'd name,
Who, boldly fighting in the ranks of fame,
Fell by the Persians near Spercheus' tide.
Both past and future well the prophet knew;
And yet, though death was open to his view,
He chose to perish at his general's side.[29]
J. H. Merivale.

[29] Megistias, the soothsayer, who predicted the event of the conflict at Thermopylæ, declined to withdraw, and died fighting by the side of Leonidas.

On Solon.[30]

Diog. Laert. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 86.

To Cyprian flames in foreign land was Solon's body
borne,
But Salamis retain'd his bones which turn her dust to
corn;
The tablets of his laws, wherein so light a burthen he
Set Athens, instantly upbore his soul in heaven to be.

Major Macgregor.

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[30] At the commencement of the sixth century B. C. there sprang up in different parts of Greece a number of men who, under the name of the Seven Sages, became distinguished for their practical sagacity and wise sayings and maxims. Their names are differently given in the various popular catalogues; but those most generally admitted to the honour are Solon, Thales, Pittacus, Periander, Cleobulus, Chilo, and Bias. Most of these personages were actively engaged in the affairs of public life, and exercised great influence upon their contemporaries. Solon framed for Athens a judicious code of laws, which afterwards became the basis of the laws of the twelve tables in Rome. In his criminal code are many wise and excellent regulations. He repealed the bloody laws of Draco, except those relating to murder, and made such reforms in the Athenian State as tended to eradicate the prevalent discontents and ensure its future prosperity. His laws were as well adapted to promote the benefit and prosperity of Athens as were those of Lycurgus, so justly celebrated by all historians, to ensure the greatness of the Spartan State. The seven wise men were the authors of the celebrated mottoes inscribed in later days in the Delphian temple, "Know thyself;" "No-

On Xenophon.[31]

Diog. Laert. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 97.

NOT into Persian lands alone
At Cyrus' call went Xenophon:
His is it now the skies to climb,
Where sits high Zeus on throne sublime,
Recounting—rich in varied lore—
The mighty deeds of Hellas o'er,
Or loving the wise words to tell
Of Socrates remember'd well.—*Major M.*

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thing too much;" "Know thy opportunity;" "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin;" and of the following maxims: "The greatest blessing which a man can enjoy is the power of doing good;" "The most sagacious man is he who foresees the approach of misfortune;" "He is the bravest man who knows how to bear it;" "Victory should never be stained with blood;" "Pardon is often a more effectual check on crime than punishment;" "A man should never leave his dwelling without considering well what he is about to do, or re-enter it without reflecting on what he has done;" "It is folly in a husband either to fondle or reprove his wife in company;" "The three most difficult things in a man's life are, to keep a secret, to forgive injuries, and to make a profitable use of leisure time;" "The most unfortunate of all men is the man who knows not how to bear misfortunes;" "A man should be slow in making up his mind, but swift in executing his decisions;" "A man should temper his love for his friends by the reflection that they may some day become his enemies, and moderate his hatred of his enemies by the reflection that

On Philip, King of Macedon.[32]

Addæus Mac. Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 238.

I, Philip, first to lead Æmathia's hosts,
By the deep soil of Ægæ shrouded lie.
No king hath done such deeds. Or if one boasts
Might more than mine, he is my progeny.

Rev. J. Davies.

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they may some day become his friends;" "It is more pleasing for a man to convince his country of his disinterestedness than to possess great riches;" "Do good unto your friends, that you may attach them to you the more: do good unto your enemies, that you may make friends of them;" "In everything you do, consider the end;" "He who has learned to obey, will know how to command;" "Laws are like cobwebs, that entangle the weak, but are broken through by the strong;" "No man should be deemed happy till he has finished his life in a happy way;" "It is a sickness of mind to wish for impossible things."

[31] In 401 B.C. Xenophon, the Athenian general, historian, and philosopher, joined the Greeks in the pay of Cyrus, who had rebelled against his brother Artaxerxes, king of Persia. After the battle of Cunaxa, in which Cyrus was slain, the Greeks found themselves in the heart of the Persian empire, and surrounded by enemies. Xenophon immortalized himself by successfully conducting them from Cunaxa to Chrysopolis, opposite Byzantium. This retreat, in a military point of view, still remains an unexampled instance of military skill and political sagacity, and had the large effect of first opening the eyes of the Greeks to the real weakness of the Persian empire, and paved the way for the conquest of Alexander.

Alexander the Great.[33]

Addæus, Jac. Bk. vii. Ep. 240.

If thou would'st Alexander's tomb fitly in verse present,
Say that two continents unite to bear his monument.
Rev. J. Davies.

"Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis."

For him, who living, deem'd a world but small,
Six feet of earth in death are all-in-all.—*J. Booth.*

In his Anabasis, in which the expedition of Cyrus and the retreat of the Greeks is related, we have also much curious information on the country traversed, and its people. His "Memorabilia of Socrates," "Cyropædia," &c. are composed in so chaste and elegant a style that Xenophon has been termed "The Attic Bee."

[32] Philip II. son of Amyntas, became king of Macedon, B.C. 359. He learnt the art of war under Epaminondas at Thebes; and, possessing great military talents and unbounded ambition, after opposing the Illyrians, Pæonians, and Thracians, he turned his arms against Athens, and formed the design of subduing all Greece. The Athenians were roused against Philip by the eloquence of Demosthenes; but all the efforts of the great orator proved ineffectual when opposed to the arms and gold of the king of Macedon. The independence of Greece was extinguished after the battle of Chæronea; and it then became in reality a province of the Macedonian monarchy. Philip brought the Greek phalanx to a state of great perfection, by which his victories were obtained. His ambitious object of conquering the Persian empire, which his son

Alexander the Great achieved, was only stopped by his assassination, B. C. 336.

[33] "By the conquests of Alexander the continents of Asia and Europe were put into closer communication with one another; and both, but particularly Asia, were the gainers." "Alexander's achievements, though they undoubtedly occasioned great partial misery, must be regarded as beneficial to the human race; the families of which, if it were not for some such movements, would stagnate in solitary listlessness and poverty." "The language, the arts, and the literature of Greece, were introduced into the East; and after Alexander's death, Greek kingdoms were formed in the western parts of Asia, which continued to exist for many generations. Alexander founded many cities, of which the most famed was Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile; which for many centuries continued to be not only the grand emporium of Europe, Africa, and India, but also the principal centre of intellectual life." The views and ambition of the father were certainly as large as those of the son; and it is doubtful if the latter could have performed his great achievements had not Philip handed down to him all the means and instruments which they required.

FROM LATIN AUTHORS.

On Quintus Ennius,[1] by himself.

NEMO me decoret lacrumis, nec funera, fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

To me no tears, no funeral give;
For why? in all men's mouths I live.

Let none bemoan my death, or deck my tomb
With show of sorrow, weak and unavailing.
For why? I live, and feel no stint of room,
For ever on men's mouths through ether sailing.

J. Davies.

On Virgil and Tibullus.[2]

From Domitius Marsus.

He, who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,

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[1] Ennius wrote, in heroic verse, annals of the Roman Republic, fragments of which only now remain to us. He displayed much knowledge of the world, too, in some dramatical and satirical compositions. He was the first epic poet of Rome, and called himself the Homer of Latium.

By death's[3] unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

Lord Byron.

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[2] The classical scholar need not be told that Virgil's great poem, the "Æneid," is composed upon the model of Homer's "Iliad," and relates the adventures of Æneas after the destruction of Troy. After being engaged on it for eleven years he died without revising it. By some critics it is considered inferior to the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" as being deficient in the truth and simplicity which so eminently characterize those poems, whilst Voltaire thinks it the finest monument which remains to us of all antiquity; and even goes so far as to say that the second book, in which Æneas relates to Dido an account of the destruction of Troy, is worth the whole Iliad. In the fifteenth century a Latin poet, Maphæus Vegius, who displays considerable powers of description, and a strong feeling of the beauties of Roman poetry, wrote and published as a continuation and finish of the Æneid a thirteenth Book, "Virgil's Georgica," his most finished work. His ten smaller poems, the "Bucolics," his earliest compositions, smooth and polished in their versification, and displaying many natural and simple touches, but as an attempt to transfer the Syracusan muse, Theocritus, into Italy, a failure. The well-known inscription, said to have been placed on his tomb:

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.

thus translated:

In Mantua born; Calabria took me thence;
At last Parthenope became my residence.
Of shepherds I have sung, of fields, of rural life,
Of heroes known to fame, who led the battle's strife.

Rev. J. H. C. Wright.

On P. Scipio Africanus.

Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civi' neque hostis quivit pro factis reddere operæ pretium. *Q. Ennius.*

Here he lies whose deeds no countryman or stranger could ever recompense.

From Catullus,[4] 96.

If e'er in human grief there breathe a spell
To charm the silent tomb, and soothe the dead;
When soft regrets on past affections dwell,
And o'er fond friendships lost, our tears are shed;
Sure, a less pang must touch Quintilia's shade
While hov'ring o'er her sad, untimely bier,
Than keen-felt joy that spirit pure pervade,
To witness that her Calvus held her dear. *Elton.*

Of the four Books of Elegies, which pass as those of Tibullus, the two first books are of undoubted genuineness. The third book, much inferior, has been ascribed to Lygdamus, and the opening of the fourth book is so bad that it cannot be ascribed to a writer of the exquisite taste of Tibullus.

[3] The hand of death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at the time of his death. Virgil died B. C. 19, aged 51, and Tibullus B. C. 17, aged about 29.

[4] The first Roman who imitated with success the Greek writers, and introduced their numbers amongst the Latins. His compositions, though elegant, are the offspring of a too luxuriant imagination. "He adorned all he touched, and his shorter poems are characterized by original invention and felicity of expression."

Catullus, 101.

O'ER many a realm, o'er many an ocean tost,
I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost!
Thus on thy tomb sad honour to bestow,
And vainly call the silent dust below.
Thou, too, art gone! Yes, thee I must resign,
My more than brother—ah! no longer mine.
The funeral rites to ancient Romans paid,
Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.
Take them—these tears their heart-felt homage tell;
And now—all hail for ever, and farewell!

F. Hodgson.

ON A FREEDMAN.

Martial's[5] Epigrams, Lib. vi. Ep. 29.

NOT basely born, nor bought at mart,
But worthy all a master's love:

[5] A poet whose compositions on a vast variety of subjects are distinguished by singular fertility of imagination, a prodigious flow of wit, and delicate felicity of language, affording much valuable information on the national customs and social habits of the Romans during the first century of the empire. He is to be censured for "habitual impurity of thought, combined with habitual impurity of expression." It is well known that the word epigram, which originally denoted simply *an Inscription*, was, in process of time, applied to any brief metrical effusion, whatever the subject might be, or whatever the form under which it was presented. Martial, however, first placed the epigram upon the narrow basis it now occupies;

Freed—but too young to lay to heart
The boon—or freedman's joys to prove:
In him, fair form, mild manners meet,
Apollo's scarce a face more fair;
Such gifts foreshow life short and fleet:
Ye who love such for grief prepare.

A. B. Rowan, D.D.

On a Courtier and his Wife.

Mart. Ep. Lib. vii. Ep. 40.

Here lies that good old man, in court well knowne
For's equal temper in both fortunes showne:
His sacred bones here with his wife's are mixt
By filiall care; their souls in heav'n are fixt.
She dyed first, her youthful prime much spent:
Near ninety yeeres the Fates unto him lent.
Yett him in haste snatch'd hence all would believe,
Who knew how much the world did for him greive.

Old MS. 16th cent.

On a Child beloved by the Poet.

Mart. Ep. Lib. v. Ep. 53.

May the turf lie lightly on her delicate bones: you ought not,
O earth, to be too heavy to her; she was not so to thee.

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and from his time the term has been in a great measure restricted to denote a short poem, in which all the thoughts and expressions converge to one sharp point which forms the termination of the piece.

The converse of its conclusion has been made the point of an epigram on Sir J. Vanbrugh, the architect of the palace at Blenheim.

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy stone on thee. *Dr. Evans.*

Part of an Epitaph on one of Shakespeare's Children of the Chapel, who acted Plays.[6]

Imitation of Martial, Lib. x. Ep. 35.

Years he number'd scarce thirteen,
When Fates turn'd cruel:
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had been
The stage's jewel.

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[6] The idea of a person's life-time being measured otherwise than by the number of his years has been adopted, if not borrowed, by many writers, as Bacon, Suckling, Young, Drummond. A lively illustration of it is made the point of a French epigram on a lady, who was rarely seen except at midnight operas and balls:

Quelle age a cette Phyllis, dont on fait tant de bruit?
Me demandoit Cliton naguères.
Il faut, dis-je, vous satisfaire;
Elle a vingt ans le jour, et cinquante ans la nuit.
Amos's Martial and the Moderns.

The lad's name was Salathiel Pavy; and he acted, says Gifford, in *Cynthia's Revels*, and in the *Poetaster*, 1600 and 1601, in which latter year he probably died. Jonson speaks of him with interest and affection, and therefore there can be no doubt he was a youth of extraordinary talents.

And did act (what now we mourn)
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd so truly. *Ben Jonson.*

Mart. Ep. Lib. vi. Ep. 29.

"WHATEVER you love, take not in it too intense a pleasure." Jonson adverts to the last line of Martial's epigram, in his elegy on the death of his first son:

FAREWELL! the child of my right hand and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And if no other misery, yet age.
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson, his best piece of poetry.
For whose sake henceforth *all his vows be such*
As what he loves may never like too much.

Mart. Ep. Lib. i. Ep. 88.

SWEET innocent, whom wishes could not save,
Light be the turf that rests upon thy grave!
No Parian marble thine, whose pomp might prove
The sculptor's labour, not the parents' love.
The humble box, and festil vine thy bier,
Thy home the mead, thy monument a tear.

O early lost, accept my votive lay,
The last fond tribute which the muse can pay:
And when too ling'ring age has closed my doom,
My heart's asylum be—a daughter's tomb.

E. B. Greene, 1774.

Mart. Ep. Lib. i. Ep. 93.

HERE with Aquinus is Fabricius laid,
Rejoiced to find him in the realms of shade.
Graved on this tomb is either soldier's name;
Alike their friendship, and alike their fame.

Hodgson.

Mart. Ep. Lib. ix. Ep. 15.

IN Stepney church-yard seven tombs in a row
For the reader's soft sympathy call;
On each—"My dear husband lies buried below."
And Chloe's the widow to all.

Westminster Review, April, 1853.

ON THE DEATH OF A GIRL.

Mart. Ep. Lib. x. Ep. 53.

CENSURE no more the hand of death
That stopp'd so early Stella's breath,
Nor let an easy error be
Charged with the name of cruelty.
He heard her sense, her virtues told,
And took her (well he might) for old.

Josiah Relph.

Mart. Ep. Lib. x. Ep. 61.

UNDERNEATH this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayest be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb be here alone
The only melancholy stone. *Leigh Hunt.*

ON A NOBLE MATRON.

Mart. Ep. Lib. x. Ep. 63.

BY this small stone as great remains are hid,
As sleep in an Egyptian pyramid.
Here lies a matron, for her years revered,
Who through them all with spotless honour steer'd.
Five sons, as many daughters, nature gave,
Who dropp'd their pious tears into her grave.
Nor her least glory, though too rarely known,
One man she held most dear, and one alone. *Hay.*

Ausonius,[7] Ep. 30.

INFELIX Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,
Hoc moriente fugis, hoc fugiente peris.

Two lords, in vain, unlucky Dido tries,
One dead, she flies the land; one fled, she dies.
Mrs. Piozzi (*Thrale*).

To the same class of *jeux d'esprit* as this epitaph on Dido belongs one made on Thynne, "Tom of Ten Thousand," after his assassination in Pall Mall (Sunday night, 12 Feb. 1681-2,) by Boroski (who fired the fatal shot). Vratz and Stern, the principals, and Count Königsmark, accessory before the fact:

HERE lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,
Who never would so have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lay with the woman he married.

Königsmark, who wished to marry the widow (Lady Ogle, heiress of the Percys) but who had been rejected by her, plotted, if he did not perpetrate, this barbarous revenge upon his rival. Thynne's marriage had not been consummated, and he was said to have promised marriage to a maid of honour whom he had seduced. The three principals, on their own confession, were found guilty and hanged in Pall Mall; and Königsmark acquitted from want of legal proof to connect the Count with the assassination. Thynne is the Issachar in Dryden's poem, *Absalom and Achitophel.*

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[7] Whose poems, though unequal, have great merit; possessing skill in versification, though destitute of all the higher attributes of a poet.

To Niobe.[8]

Auson. Ep. 28.

I LIVED till turned to flint. Praxiteles
In biting sculpture bids me live anew;
His touch gives back all else but wits; and these
I lacked, when at the gods my taunts I threw.

Rev. J. Davies.

To the same.

Auson. Ep. 29.

THIS sepulchre within no corpse encloses;
No tomb enfolds the corpse that here reposes.
For one same stone both corpse and tomb composes.

J. D.

Claudian,[9] Ep. 41.

BY Fate's decree things beautiful are brief:
Things highest quickliest fall; things grand are frail.
A shape like Venus tempts the infernal thief,
'Gainst whom this fair one's grace could nought avail.

J. D.

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[8] According to the heathen mythology, Niobe, for her presumption and pride, was slain, and all her children, by the arrows of Apollo and Artemis. The story was frequently taken as a subject by ancient artists. One of the most celebrated of the ancient works of art still extant is the group, now at Florence, consisting of the mother, who holds her youngest daughter on her knees, and thirteen statues of her

AMONG modern languages there is certainly none which in aptness for inscriptions can vie with the Latin. But inferior as modern languages undoubtedly are to the ancient in the true lapidary style, it may be said on the other hand, that the moderns have not merely equalled, but even excelled the ancients on their own ground—inscriptions in the Latin language. This was one of the first objects aimed at upon the revival of letters, as the number of spurious Roman inscriptions of that period proves; and the attention paid to it has very far from ceased or declined at the present time. One of the very best may be seen at Berlin in front of the hospital for disabled soldiers—the Prussian Chelsea—and was written by Maupertius:

Læso sed invicto militi.

Would it be possible to compress more sense and meaning in any four words—to state with greater eloquence and feeling in one sentence both the noble object of the royal founder (Frederick the Great), and the just pride of the maimed veteran? In this, as in other branches of literature, English scholars have

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sons and daughters, besides a figure usually called the pædagogus of the children. It is uncertain whether the group was the work of Praxiteles or Scopas.

[9] His verses possess harmony, but are monotonous; there is also imagination in them, but little invention and genius.

been, and are, honourably distinguished. It is much to be regretted, then, that among the many statues lately raised to eminent men in different parts of London, all attempt to illustrate them by suitable inscriptions is omitted. The Pitt, in Hanover Square, has only a name and a date; the Canning, of Palace Yard, only a name; the Nelson, in Trafalgar Square, and the Duke of York, in Carlton Gardens, have neither date nor name. With respect to the statue opposite to the Mansion House we have heard that a committee of civic dignitaries met in grave deliberation upon it, and could produce nothing beyond one word, to be repeated on the several sides of the pedestal—Wellington! We trust that whenever the statue of his Grace, now in preparation by Mr. Wyatt, shall be set up, the opportunity will not be lost of inscribing beneath it the noble lines of Lord Wellesley, composed for that purpose:

Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
Invictum bello te coluere ducem
Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu
Ut desit famæ gloria nulla tuæ.

How seldom do we find the high literary skill of one brother thus adorn and celebrate the surpassing achievements of another. The translation of these lines, though by Lord Wellesley's own hand, is, according to the usual fate of translations, far inferior:

Europe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
Invincible in war thy deathless name.
Now round thy brows the civic oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine.

To give another instance of Wellesley's classic taste we subjoin the following:

ON LORD BROUGHAM'S DAUGHTER, BURIED AT CANNES.

BLANDA anima e cunis, heu! longo exercita morbo
Inter maternas, heu! lacrymasque patris
Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas,
Et levis, atque mali vix memor ipsa tui!
I pete celestes, ubi nulla est cura, recessus,
Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies;
Donec nos tecum, jam optata pace repostos
Jungat in æterna luce suprema dies. 1839.

Thus translated by the marquis:

DOOMED to long suffering from your earliest years,
Amidst your parents' grief and pain alone,
Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears,
And in their agonies forgot your own:
Go, gentle spirit, and among the blest,
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest.

"In the year 1828 Professor Orellius of Zurich laboriously collected and skilfully classified the principal Roman inscriptions found in various parts of Europe. This work is in two volumes, and is limited almost entirely to the Pagan remains without the epitaphs and inscriptions of the early Christians. One great recommendation of his work is that he has separated the genuine Roman inscriptions from such as are beyond question spurious. Foremost among the latter is found the celebrated epitaph from Avenches:

" Julia Alpinula hic jaces
Infelicis patris infelix proles
Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos
Exorare patris necem non potui
Male mori in fatis illi erat
Vixi annos XXIII.

" To this imaginary Julia Alpinula Lord Byron has devoted a beautiful stanza in 'Childe Harold;' and in his note, after quoting the inscription, he adds, 'I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness.' It appears to have deceived many persons besides his lordship, and to have been written by a noted forger, one Paul Wilhelm, and fabricated from a passage in Tacitus,[4] where the historian relates that Cæcina, on coming to Avenches, put to death Julius Alpinus, one of the principal citizens, and the stirrer up of a recent war. Wilhelm is known to have produced another wholly false inscription and to have interpolated many true ones. Of the Latin inscriptions edited by Orellius a few are here subjoined:

" Quisquis
Hoc sustulerit aut læserit
Ultimus suorum moriatur.

This was found at Rome; and in the terrible malediction it contains, meant to be the heaviest of all, the

[4] Hist. lib. i. c. 66.

loss of fortune, the loss of life, nay, even the loss of fame, are held forth as far lesser evils than to survive all those whom we have loved. We may picture to ourselves how it was written by some desolate old man standing on the brink of the grave, and wishing it had closed on him before! This striking sentence has formed the subject of one among the best of Kotzebue's smaller dramas, which is entitled *Der Fluch eines Römers*. The two next—one to a beloved child, the other to a bride snatched away within the first moon of her marriage—are striking also. Even after so many ages have rolled by, and forgotten as are now the names which they record, and when 'their very sepulchres lie tenantless,' even thus it is difficult to read them without emotion :

" LAGGE fili bene quiescas.
Mater tua rogat te
Ut me ad te recipias.
Vale.

" D. M.
L. Arulenus Sosimus fecit
Clodiæ Charidi coniugi dulcissimæ
Quæ si ad vitæ metam pervenisset
Non hominibus neque Dïs invidisset.
Vix secum vixit dies XV.

" There is in Orellius a chapter, Monumenta Historica, which contains a long and highly interesting series of inscriptions, well worthy of an attentive perusal."

The Romans erected their monuments by the high-

way that they might become constant objects of attention. It was the position of the monuments by the road-side that gave rise to the address so commonly found on them, as "*Siste Viator*," "*Aspice Viator*," "*Cave Viator*," &c. These monuments, however, offered scarcely anything beyond the inscription of the name, and perhaps the consulate under which the individual lived. It was reserved for the introduction of Christianity to extend these inscriptions, and to hold out to the living the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Many interesting epitaphs have been found in the catacombs at Rome on the graves of the martyrs of the early Christian era. Dr. Maitland, in his work, "The Church in the Catacombs," published in 1846, gives us some which are very interesting; two of which may be mentioned, but the reader is referred to the work itself, which will well repay him for an attentive perusal:

"To Marius, a young military officer, who, in the time of the emperor Adrian, gave up his life for the sake of his religion, and at length rests in peace,—his sorrowing friends, with tears and in fear, have placed this stone."

The other runs thus: "Hic Gordianus Galliæ nuncius jugulatus pro fide cum familiâ totâ quiescunt in pace. Upphila ancilla fecit." Here Gordian, the ambassador of Gaul, with all his family, slain on account of their religion, rest in peace. Erected by Upphila his maidservant.

The Necropolis of Pompeii, with its far-famed street of tombs, is perhaps unequalled in interest by any

other place of burial in ancient times. The tombs of Pompeii present paganism in one of its most pleasing aspects. The kindly influence of maternal love, of filial piety, of friendship, and the attachment of servants to their masters is abundantly shown. A description of these tombs, with translations of various epitaphs deciphered there, is given in the admirable work on Pompeii, which forms part of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," to which the reader is referred.

Of more recent writers of epitaphs in the Latin language, it will, it is hoped, suffice if the editor gives a few obtained from a most excellent compilation of Latin epigrams which Mr. A. Wright, B. A., a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, made in 1637; "a work which may be read through without offence, and which will leave behind a very pleasant impression of the lively wit and polished taste of many of its authors—men of various walks of life, but all more or less devoted to classical literature; and, as a consequence, fond of making occasional sacrifices to the Latin muse." Take the following as instances:

On Pope Alexander VI.

Nomen Alexandri ne te fortasse moretur,
Hospes, abi! Jacet hic et scelus est vitium.

Sannazaro.

Lest Alexander's name your eye detain,
Stranger, pass on! Here's nought but sin and stain.

Rev. J. Davies.

EPITAPHIA JOHANNIS PASSERTII QUÆ SIBI IPSE SCRIPSIT.

QUI sim, viator, quæris? ipse nescio:
Qui sis futurus tu, tamen per me scies.
Ego, tuque pulvis, umbra, et umbræ somnium.

STRANGER, thou askest who I am. I know not:
Yet can I tell what thou shalt be hereafter.
Thou and I—shadows! dust! a shadow's dream! *S.*

IN INFANTEM NONDUM, MATRE MORIENTE, NATUM.

HIC tumulus matrem, natum tegit illa sepulchrum
Terra tuæ matri est, nate, sed illa tibi.
Daniel Heinsius.

THIS is a mother's grave; her babe's is she:
Earth is a tomb for her, but she for thee. *S.*

AVARI MORS.

NON gemit ob mortem, cui vita simillima morti:
Sed quod sit gratis mors morienda dolet.
Henry Stephens.

HIS life is death—why should he care for death?
Death brings no gains, but only loss of breath. *S.*

CAUSIDICI CUJUSDAM.

O RERUM varias vices, et ingens
Fortunæ pardigma sævientis!

Clamosissimus omnium virorum,
Qui verborum operam omnibus locabat,
Nunc raptus Rhadamanthium ad tribunal,
Conducit miser antè quæ locabat. *Theodore Beza.*

On a Lawyer.

O FICKLE Fortune, cruel, heartless jade!
This brawler who his voice his fortune made,
Summoned to plead in Rhadamanthus' court
Finds what he sold before must now be bought. *S.*

FORMIDO mortis morte pejor, non potes
Vitare mortem, sed potes contemnere.
J. J. Scaliger.

ALL men must die: no man need fear to die;
Therefore the fear of death is worse than death. *S.*

Pauperis senis.

PAUPER eram; mihi parva domus, mihi vilis agellus,
Et tenui in mensa parva salina mihi.
Non stomacho capitive meo dolor obfuit unquam:
Nec secuit vetulos tarda podagra pedes.
Nec mea sollicitæ vexerunt tempora curæ;
Nec timui parco mixta venena mero.
Sic vixi, et perii; Cræso felicior ipso:
Namque deesse nihil, nec superesse dolet.
Ut fuit ad victum jam vivo terra, sepulto
Sic erit ad tumulum nunc mihi parva satis.
Julius Capilupus.

POOR I, poor home I had, and garden poor,
And on my table poor, poor fare was spread,
Yet never ached my belly or my head.
Nor gout tied up my sore old feet: secure
From poison's fear I drained my sober glass,
My throbbing brain no anxious cares oppressed,
Happier than Crœsus lived I, happier rest.
Taxing nor want nor surplus. So I pass
Living on what my garden gave, and, dying,
Within my narrow grave contented lying. *S.*

HELLUONIS.

VENTER edax, gutturque bibax tumulo jacet isto;
Ac tumulatus adhuc esurit atque sitit.
Quid fuerit rogitas? Haud vir fuit iste: quid ergo?
Carneus iste cadus, viva culina fuit.
At vixit? minimè; sed ne putresceret olim,
Dii dederant animam, quæ salis instar erat.
Balthaser Bonifacius.

A GLUTTON.

A GUTLING paunch and thirsty throat do fill
This grave; though dead, athirst and hungry still.
What was it, ask you? It was no man. Then what?
A fleshy cask it was, a living pot.
It was alive then? No. But lest it stink
A soul was given to salt it, not to think. *S.*

On a Mendicant.

Nulla mihi vivo domus, at nunc certa sepulto est,
Vitaque paupertas, mors mihi divitiæ.
Vita mihi exilium, requies et certa sepulchrum:
Nudus eram vivus, mortuus ecce tegor.

Jovianus Pontanus.

Alive no home I had; I have one here.
My life brought poverty, but wealth my bier.
In life I wandered, but in death I rest:
Naked in life, in death at last I'm drest. *S.*

On Giacopo Sannazaro.[5]

Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni,
Sincerus, musa proximus ut tumulo.

Cardinal Bembo.

For Actius' dust strew flowers of fairest bloom,
The next in fame to Maro as in tomb. *J. Booth.*

Though the Latin language is generally admitted by most competent judges, such as Dr. Johnson, Dr. Parr,

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[5] Sannazaro, who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (1458-1530), distinguished himself amongst the scholars of that age for his proficiency in Greek and Latin literature. He assumed a Latin appellation, and called himself Actius Sincerus, a custom followed by scholars at that period, and was the first of the moderns who wrote Latin verse with purity. His poems obtained the warm applause of Pope Leo X.

and Mr. Pettigrew, the author of "Chronicles of the Tombs," as most adapted for monumental inscriptions, it is now but little used. It must be acknowledged, too, there have been other authorities, equally great, who are decidedly of opinion that the vernacular language of a country was the proper one for a mortuary inscription. Though confessing it might not be so durable as the Latin, yet that it was sufficiently so to be intelligible as long as it was likely to be preserved, with the advantage of being more universally understood. Perhaps no man of recent times wrote more Latin epitaphs than Dr. S. Parr, besides many in the English language. He seems to have had a perfect mania for this species of composition, if we may judge from what passed at a dinner party, when Lord Chancellor Erskine having delighted the company with his conversation, the Dr., in an ecstasy, called out to him, "My lord, I mean to write your epitaph." Erskine, who was a younger man, at once replied, "Dr. Parr, it is a temptation to commit suicide."

SECTION II.

BY ENGLISH AND OTHER AUTHORS.

BY ENGLISH AND OTHER AUTHORS.

On the Venerable Bede, ob. 735.

BENEATH this stone Bede's mortal body lies;
God grant his soul may rest amid the skies.
May he drink deeply, in the realms above,
Of wisdom's fount, which he on earth did love.

On Henry II. King of England.[1]

If conquer'd realms, or power, from death could save,
I, Henry, mighty king, had 'scaped the grave!

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[1] This great monarch added many provinces in France to the English crown, and in 1172 conquered Ireland. The Statutes of Clarendon enacted, in a parliament held at Clarendon (1164), "These stringent laws were passed to prevent the chief abuses which at that time prevailed in ecclesiastical affairs, and put a stop to Church usurpations, which, gradually stealing on, threatened the destruction of the civil and royal power."—*Hume.*

Henry's reign was troubled by disputes with that low-bred upstart, Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, and by the rebel-

To me, who thought the earth's extent too small,
Now eight poor feet, a narrow space, are all.
Reader! behold in mine thy own sure fate,
And curb thy vast desires, and know thy state;
He, whom the globe entire could not suffice,
In this small tomb, in smaller ashes lies.

On Chaucer, ob. 1400.

Of English bards who sung the sweetest strains,
Old Geoffrey Chaucer now this tomb contains:
For his death's date, if, reader, thou should'st call,
Look but beneath, and it will tell thee all.

Of Pope Alexander VI. of Spanish origin, and his son, Cæsar Borgia, it was truly said, "There is hardly a crime of which these monsters of iniquity were not guilty." In 1503 they attempted to poison a rich cardinal on account of his wealth, when, by a mistake of the attendant, they drank the poisoned wine destined for their victim. The Pope died almost directly, but

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lion of his own sons, instigated by their mother on account of his attachment to the Fair Rosamond; but he succeeded in triumphing over every opponent. On his fair mistress was written the following couplet:

> Hic jacet in tumba Rosa Mundi, non Rosamunda:
> Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

Thus in English:

> Here lies, not Rose the Chaste, but Rose the Fair:
> Her scents no more perfume, but taint the air.

Borgia recovered, and was killed some years after. On the former was written:

THE Spaniard lieth here that did all honesty defy:
To speak it briefly, in this tomb all villany doth lie.

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT WHERE CARDINAL WOLSEY IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BURIED IN LEICESTER ABBEY.

PEERS, priests, and princes, lords of every clan,
Who in the title's vapour lose the man;
Mark this plain spot, where grovelling brambles wave
In humble verdure over Wolsey's grave:
His purple honours, and pontific pride,
With all life's baubles, now are laid aside.
Here, stripp'd to Nature, and without disguise,
The "Child of Fortune," undistinguish'd lies:
O'er his cold turf th' unmanner'd travellers go,
Nor heed how great a statesman rots below.[2]

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[2] Wolsey first gained the favour of Henry VII. who made him Dean of Lincoln. He rose rapidly to the highest dignities of the realm, and became Lord Chancellor and Cardinal. His fall was mainly owing to these causes: he had counselled the king (Henry VIII.) to divorce Catherine, but not to marry Anne Boleyn; thus making enemies of the new queen, and of a powerful party which supported her at Court. "He was a man of unbounded ambition and of great arrogance, but of considerable learning, and great policy. He built Hampton Court Palace, and founded Christ Church College, Oxford."

ON FRANCIS BEAUMONT, OB. 1615, ÆT. 29.

HE that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
As would ask ten good heads to husband it;
He that can write so well that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

Bishop Corbet.

The names of Beaumont and Fletcher will, as long as the English language shall last, be associated as two of the brightest ornaments of our dramatic literature.

Spenser, the author of the "Faerie Queen," died in 1598, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer, who was the first that successfully wrote poetry in the English language, over whom are the following lines:

HERE, placed near *Chaucer*, *Spenser* claims a room,
As next to him in merit, next his tomb.
To place near *Chaucer*, Spenser lays a claim;
Near him his tomb, but nearer far his fame.
With thee our *English* verse was raised on high;
But now declined, it fears with thee to die.

Of Chaucer's poems, his "Canterbury Tales" are entitled to the first rank, and possess great beauties; and from the knowledge they display of human nature, seem to have been produced for all time, ob. 1400.

"There is something in Spenser," says Pope, "that pleases us as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the 'Faerie Queen' when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight." "Without calling Spenser the greatest of all poets, we may still say that his poetry is the most poetical of all poetry." See Craik's "*Sketches of Literature and Learning in England.*"

On Elizabeth L. H.

Would'st thou hear, what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If, at all, she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
Th' other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell!

Ben Jonson.[3]

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[3] A voluminous writer of Plays, who delineates in them with faithfulness the prevailing manners of English life, poet laureate in 1616. He was the intimate friend and companion of Shakespeare; but, unfortunately, he has left us little worth knowing of England's greatest poet, if we except the high character he has given us of him in his "Discoveries," and the few lines he wrote on Shakespeare's engraved picture in

On M. Drayton,[4] the Poet, buried in Westminster Abbey.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's sacred name; whose dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, preserve his story,
And be a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim,
To be the treasury of his name;
His name, which cannot fade, shall be,
An everlasting monument to thee.

B. Jonson, or *Quarles.*

On Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke.[5]

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and good, and learn'd as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.[6] *B. Jonson.*

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the first edition of his collected works. See Booth's second edition of *Epigrams, Ancient and Modern*, p. 29, and *Note* at the end. The rich store of elucidatory notes in Gifford's edition of Jonson's works renders it very valuable.

[4] Drayton was the author of the "Shepherd's Garland," "The Barons' Wars," and "England's Heroical Epistles."

On John Comb, of Stratford-on-Avon, noted for his Wealth and Usury.

TEN in the hundred lies here engraved;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
"Oh! oh!" quoth the devil, "'tis my John-a-Comb."

Shakespeare.[7]

"The Barons' Wars" contain many passages of great beauty, and were imitated by Milton. His great work, "Poly-Albion," or a description of England, and to which Selden wrote notes, came out in 1613. "It exhibits, at once, the learning of an historian, an antiquary, a naturalist, and a geographer, besides being embellished with the imagination of a poet." Born, 1563; died, 1631.

[5] This lady, for whose entertainment Sir P. Sidney wrote the "Arcadia," lived to a good old age, and died in 1621. She was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, the burial place of the Pembroke family.

[6] These lines are also claimed, on good grounds, for Wm. Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals." See *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1845.

[7] The only foundation we possess whereon to build a biography of Shakespeare are a few parish registers, wills, and title deeds. As Mr. Hallam truly observes, "All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have detected about Shakespeare, serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character." "No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him, drawn with any fulness by a contemporary, can be produced." The best lives of him seem to be Rowe's, who

Shakespeare, like some other poets, wrote his own epitaph, which everybody knows is inscribed on the flat stone in the chancel of Stratford parish church:

GOOD friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg T-E dost EncloAsed Here.
Blest be T-E man YT spares TEs stones,
And curst be he YT moves my bones.

ON BEN JONSON.

HERE lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets; but the best.
Reader, would'st thou more have known?
Ask his story, not this stone;
That will speak, what this can't tell
Of his glory. So, farewell. *Rob. Herrick.*

ON AN IDLE FELLOW.

HERE lieth one that once was born and cried,
Lived several years, and then—and then he died.
Camden.

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wrote it mainly from the statements and anecdotes of Betterton the actor, Charles Knight's, in the "English Cyclopædia," and Malone's commentaries and editions of Shakespeare's works.

[8] The events of her reign, the wisdom of her measures, the frugality of her administration, the various religious reforms she was enabled to achieve, notwithstanding all opposition, all admirably portrayed in Froude's "History of England," vols. ix. and x.—Reign of Elizabeth.

ON QUEEN ELIZABETH, OB. 1603.[8]

SPAIN'S rod, Rome's ruin,
Netherland's relief,
Heaven's gem, earth's joy,
World's wonder, Nature's chief,
Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
Religion's nurse, the Faith's defender.

ON A CHILD.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her. *Herrick.*[9]

ANOTHER.

VIRGINS promised when I died
That they would, each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promised, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets. *Herrick.*

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[9] But little is known of this celebrated poet. "His sacred and amatory verses display in both a luxuriant fancy, with an elegant quaintness." His collected poems, under the title "Hesperides," have been repeatedly published.

On Herrick, by himself.

As wearied pilgrims, once possest
Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest;
So I, now having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staff and stay;
Youth, I confesse, hath me misled,
But age hath brought me right to bed.

On a Virgin.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep.
Hush'd be all things; no noise here,
But the toning of a tear:
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering. *Herrick.*

On one who died the day after his Wife.

She first departed; he for one day tried
To live without her; liked it not, and died.
Sir H. Wotton.[10]

On Vandyck. In St. Paul's Cathedral, ob. 1641, æt. 43.[11]

His pictures so with their live objects strive
That both or pictures seem, or both alive:

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[10] Wotton's poems were printed in the "Reliquiæ Wotonianæ," by Izaak Walton.

Nature, herself amazed, does doubting stand
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand.

Cowley.

On Cardinal Richelieu.[12]

Stay, traveller! for all you want is near.
"Wisdom and power I seek"—They both lie here.
"Nay, but I look for more; aspiring aim
At wit, taste, learning, elegance, and fame."
Here ends your journey then; for here the store
Of Richelieu lies.—"Alas! repeat no more:
Shame on my pride! what hope remains for me,
When here death treads—on all that man can be?"

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[11] Vandyck, the pupil of Rubens. His paintings show that he attained the beautiful colouring of Titian, Paul Veronese, and the Venetian school. After living a short time in Rome, Venice, and Genoa, he came to England, having declined Cardinal Richelieu's invitation to settle in France, and soon became famous as a portrait painter, his prices for which were four hundred guineas a-piece. His masterpieces, a Descent from the Cross, at Antwerp, portrait of the Earl of Strafford, at Wentworth house, and the head of Gevartius in the National Gallery. Though an historical painter, his fame mostly rests upon his portraits of royal and noble personages. He married a daughter of Earl Gowry. "His house was so frequented by persons of the greatest quality that it rather resembled the court of a prince than the lodgings of a painter." He died rich, and was buried (1741) in St. Paul's.

[12] Cardinal, Peer, and Duke of France; eminent as a statesman, and for his eloquence and winning insinuating address. Notwithstanding his ambition and cruelty, he had

On Sir John Hawkins, the Navigator.[13]

THE waters were his winding sheet, the sea was made
his toome,
Yet for his fame, the ocean sea was not sufficient roome.
R. Barnfield.

On Sir F. Drake.[14]

WHERE Drake first found, there last he lost his fame,
And for his tomb left nothing but a name.
His body's buried under some great wave;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no man true epitaph can make,
For who can say, "*Here lies* Sir Francis Drake."

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great qualities. He made the arts and sciences flourish, was a great patron and encourager of literature, formed the Botanical Garden at Paris, founded the French Academy, established the royal printing house, erected Le Palais Royal, and rebuilt the Sorbonne with a magnificence that appears truly royal. Besides his books of controversy and piety he wrote a Journal in two volumes, and a "Political Testament," 12mo. all treating of politics and state affairs. He wrote also his own "Memoirs," published in 1823. Cardinal Mazarin, his friend and executor, completed many of the schemes which Richelieu had begun, but left unfinished.

[13] Appointed rear-admiral and knighted by Queen Elizabeth, for his services in the defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588). His memory is disgraced by his having been the first European who carried off slaves from the coast of Africa, and introduced that inhuman traffic into the West Indies.

[14] Drake went early in life to sea, and served under his

On Admiral Blake.[15]

HERE lies a man, made Spain and Holland shake,
Made France to tremble, and the Turks to quake;
Thus he tamed men; but if a lady stood
In sight, it raised a palsy in his blood;
Cupid's antagonist, who on his life
Had fortune as familiar as a wife.
A stiff, hard, iron soldier; for he,
It seems, had more of Mars than Mercury;
At sea he thunder'd, calm'd each raging wave,
And now he's dead, sent thundering to his grave.

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relative Sir J. Hawkins; and, as vice-admiral under Lord Howard, was instrumental in defeating the Spanish Armada. He inflicted, on various occasions, much injury on the Spanish nation, destroying their fleets and plundering their towns, returning home laden with treasure. In the port of Cadiz he burnt 10,000 tons of shipping which was to have made part of the Armada. He died, 1595-6, on board his own ship near the town of Nombre de Dios, much lamented by the British nation.

[15] Blake first served in the Parliament army in the civil war, but being appointed to command the fleet, and being constituted sole admiral in 1652, he defeated the Dutch fleets in various engagements with immense loss. His naval daring enabled him to overcome all opposition wherever offered, and spread the terror of his very name through all quarters of the world, making the English flag respected wherever it was seen. By his decisive victories over the enemies of the Commonwealth he secured the power of the Protector, though averse to his usurpation, and repeatedly received the thanks of Parliament.

Upon a Young Married Couple, who died and were buried together.

Circa 1634.

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed. *Crashaw.*

On Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I.

March, with his winds, hath struck a cedar tall,
And weeping April mourns that cedar's fall;
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the Spring:
Thus March's winds hath caused April's showers,
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers.
Camden's Remains.

On the same, by King James himself.[16]

Thee to invite the great God sent a star;[17]
His nearest friend and kin good princes are,

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[16] In 1603 James I. mounted the English throne, and Scotland and Ireland became parts of the same empire with England. Under Elizabeth, with much less territory than what James had, England had been highly considered throughout Christendom. "It might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected that England, Scotland, and Ireland combined, would form a State second to none that then existed. All such expectations were strangely disappointed. On the accession of James I. England descended from the rank which she had hitherto held, and began to be regarded as a power hardly of

Who, though they run their race of man and die,
Death serves but to refine their majesty.
So did my queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth to be enthroned above;
Then she is changed, not dead,—no good prince dies,
But, like the sun, doth only set to rise.

On Charles I.[18]

Nor shall oblivion sit upon thy hearse,
Though there were neither monument nor verse.
Thy sufferings and thy death let no man name;
It was thy *glory*, but thy kingdom's shame.

From the concluding lines of a Poem on his death.

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the second order. During many years the great British monarchy, under four successive princes of the House of Stuart, was scarcely a more important member of the European system than the little kingdom of Scotland had previously been."—*Lord Macaulay's History of England.*

[17] An allusion to the comet supposed to forebode her death.

[18] "Charles I. inherited his father's political theories, and was much more disposed to carry them into practice." "Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory." "He systematically attempted to make himself a despot, and to reduce Parliament to a nullity." The Petition of Right, which is the second great charter of the liberties of England, and which Charles had solemnly ratified, was soon set at naught by him. He had broken faith, not only with his Great Council and with his people, but with his own adherents; and the sure punishment which waits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the king. The sword was at length drawn (1642) by the Parliament and

In the reign of Louis XIV. lived Colbert, the celebrated comptroller-general of the finances of France. On account of the taxes he was obliged to impose for the wars and pleasures of that execrable monster of monarchical ambition, he was detested by the French people, and many were the bitter stinging epigrams that were written upon him, of which we here present two. To his honour, however, he did something for France. He gave a new impetus to the commerce of the country, and is generally considered as the inventor of the theory of the balance of trade. He founded Quebec and Cayenne, the dockyards of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort. He instituted the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and the Academy of Sciences; and at his suggestion the Royal Observatory was built. His talent for architecture was evinced by his erecting elegant structures in Paris, the Hotel des Invalides, the façade of the Louvre, the triumphal arches of the Boulevardes, the gardens of the Tuilleries, &c., &c.

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its authority, after various encounters with the king and his party, was fully established. "Charles fled to the Scots, and was by them, in a manner which did not much exalt their national character, delivered up to his English subjects." The army now determined to bring him to trial, in which the House of Commons concurred. Sentence of death was pronounced upon him 27th January, 1649, and on the 30th he was beheaded by a masked executioner. There can be no doubt his conduct in adversity begat a reaction in favour of monarchy, and of the exiled house, which never ceased till the throne had again been set up in all its old dignity.

Ci gît le père des impôts,
Dont la mort a l'âme ravie ;
Que Dieu lui donne le repos
Qu'il nous ôta toute la vie.

A TAX-COLLECTOR here is laid :
Death of his soul hath capture made.
God grant him what he did his best
From us, through life, to banish—rest ! *J. Davies.*

CHARON, voyant Colbert sur non rivage,
Le prend, et le noie aussitôt,
Craignant qu'il ne vînt mettre impôt
Sur son pauvre passage.

WHEN Charon saw Colbert approaching the Styx,
In its waves he resolved him to bury,
For he feared that the gauger was coming to fix
A tax on his poor little ferry. *J. D.*

ON OLIVER CROMWELL.[19]

HERE lies the ravisher of sovereign power,
By fortune favour'd to his dying hour ;

[19] The Protector came of a good family, both by father and mother. His reputation for military skill and valour was most remarkable—wherever he fought success attended him ; and never was England in higher renown than during his exercise of sovereign power. He was, it is needless to deny it, one of the greatest statesmen and most valiant warriors England has ever produced ; and that he was as good, if not better, than most men would have been under the same circumstances, few will be inclined to dispute.

For old, or modern times, was never known
One more deserving of a lawful throne.
Ah! why did heaven this bold usurper grace
With talents worthy of a royal race?

Mock Epitaph written on the door of Charles II.'s bedroom.[20]

Here lies our sov'reign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

Earl of Rochester.

On James II.

C'est ici que Jaques second,
Sans ministres et sans maitresse,
Le matin allait à la messe,
Et le soir allait au sermon.[21]

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[20] "Charles II. with all his follies, and all his sins, was so frank and gracious in his manners, and so perfect in all the minor arts which form an important part of king-craft, that he won the hearts of all who came within the sphere of his fascinations. He seldom resented the sarcasms with which he was occasionally assailed, because he possessed more wit than those who satirized him, and generally retorted with a repartee. After he had read the above lines he said, 'It is very true, my doings are those of my ministers, but my sayings are my own.'"

[21] These lines engraven on his tomb, and thus translated:

On Tom D'Urfey.[22]

HERE lies the Lyric, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful,—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale is told.

UNOCCUPIED with statesman's care,
Amused with no intrigues of women,
Here found King James his great affair
Each morn, the mass; each eve, a sermon. *S.*

James II. though, like his brother a libertine and a hater of the Puritans, was the very reverse of him in other respects. He was diligent, methodical, and fond of authority and business. His understanding was singularly slow and narrow, and his temper obstinate, harsh, and unforgiving. "Being sent to govern Scotland, his administration was marked by odious laws, by barbarous punishments, and by judgments, to the iniquity of which even that age furnished no parallel." On becoming king of England, he became the hireling and vassal of France. By numberless acts of disgusting cruelty, by a series of crimes and follies during his short and inglorious reign, he succeeded in alienating his subjects, his soldiers, his sailors, nay, even his own children; by his bigotry and zeal for the Catholic religion, which led him into measures subversive of the English constitution, he was compelled to withdraw to France; and the sad and ignominious close of a dynasty which might have been as glorious as it was disgraceful, terminated in the Revolution of 1688.

[22] D'Urfey wrote many plays with various success; "but

On the Monument to Butler's memory, erected in Westminster Abbey.[23]

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he received a *stone.*

---

composing songs seemed to be his chief talent, which he would do to the most difficult tunes: for his words were not, as other poets' were, set to music, but he made words to the music." From his wit and facetious conversation, as well as for his talent in singing his own songs, he was a welcome guest at the tables of the great; and Charles II., William, and Queen Anne, were often delighted by his merry sprightly humours. From the latter he is said to have received fifty guineas for singing a song to her, written to ridicule the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, which began:

"The crown is too weighty
For shoulders of eighty."

[23] Butler is said to have died in great poverty. His immortal poem "'Hudibras' is one of those compositions of which a nation may justly boast; as the images which it exhibits are domestic, the sentiments unborrowed and unexpected, and the strain of diction original and peculiar." "The original idea of 'Hudibras' is to be found in the history of 'Don Quixote,' a book to which a mind of the greatest powers may be indebted without disgrace."—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

On Richard Brandon, the Executioner of Charles I.[24]

Who, do you think, lies buried here?
One that did help to make hemp dear;
The poorest subject did abhor him,
And yet his king did kneel before him;
He would his master not betroy,
Yet he his master did destroy;
And yet no Judas: in records 'tis found
Judas had thirty pence, he thirty pound.[25]

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[24] Brandon died in 1649, and was buried in Whitechapel churchyard. The Burial Register has the following entry, under 1649: "June 21st, Richard Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane. This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles 1st." Brandon at the time was the official executioner for the city of London. He inherited the office from his father, and was succeeded in it by Dunn, who is mentioned in Hudibras, and in a royalist epigram on the death of Hugh Peters. The scaffold was raised in front of the Banqueting House, Whitehall. It was graced on the day of Charles's decapitation by two masked executioners; and as to the one who used the axe a question has arisen, who was he? Immediately after the Restoration, the Government made an effort to discover the masked headsman; but we do not learn that they ever succeeded. See, on this subject, "Notes and Queries," and Chambers's "Book of Days."

[25] The fee (30*l.*) was said to have been paid in *crown* pieces.

ON ARCHBISHOP LAUD,[26] BEHEADED JAN. 1645.

HERE lies, within the compass of this earth,
A man of boundless pride, of meanest birth;
England's last Primate, whose unequal fate
Made him the prince's love, the people's hate.
A Protestant in show, yet, join'd by art,
An English head-piece to a Roman heart;
A seeming patriot, yet this wonder bred,
He was the Church's, his a traitor's head,
Which being taken off, he thus did die,
The Church's, Prince's, People's enemy.

From an old MS. in Sion College Library.

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[26] "Of all the prelates of the Anglican Church, Laud had departed farthest from the principles of the Reformation, and had drawn nearest to Rome." "His passion for ceremonies, his reverence for holidays, vigils, and sacred places, his ill-concealed dislike of the marriage of ecclesiastics, would have made him an object of aversion to the Puritans, even if he had used only legal and gentle means for the attainment of his ends. But his understanding was narrow; and his commerce with the world had been small. He was by nature rash, irritable, quick to feel for his own dignity, slow to sympathize with the sufferings of others, and prone to the error, common in superstitious men, of mistaking his own peevish and malignant moods for emotions of pious zeal."—*Lord Macaulay's History of England.*

He was generally regarded, when Archbishop, as the prime minister and adviser of Charles I. in all his mad schemes of oppression, tyranny, and cruelty. The end of his intolerable reign of fury, bigotry, and superstition, speedily arrived, how-

On Thomas Hobbes.[27]

Here lies Tom Hobbes, the bugbear of the nation,
Whose death hath frighted Atheism out of fashion.

Here lies the Great—False marble, tell me where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

Cowley.

---

ever; on the breaking out of the Revolution, his palace was assaulted by the mob; and, in 1640, he was impeached by the House of Commons and sent to the Tower. In 1644 the House passed an Act of attainder against him, which the Lords were compelled to affirm; and he was beheaded on Tower Hill shortly after his trial. See Heylyn's "Life of Laud."

"His bigotry and cruelty in the execution of his high office ought assuredly not to have gone unpunished; but the sentence against him was, perhaps, the most unjustifiable act of the zealots of the Long Parliament; and it appears strongly one of the disadvantages of government by a large assembly of men; for the odium of the death of Laud being divided among so many, has neither brought with it individual infamy, nor was likely to produce individual remorse."—*Westminster Review*, vol. xvii.

[27] His great work was the "Leviathan; or, the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiastical," censured by Parliament as atheistical, and considered to have had more influence than any other work of the kind in spreading infidelity and irreligion, though perhaps not directly levelled against revealed religion. The philosophy of Hobbes has been more or less adopted by Locke, Hume, Hartley, and Priestley. He successfully applies Lord Bacon's inductive me-

On Cowley, by himself.[28]

Translated by Addison.

From life's superfluous cares enlarged,
His debt of human toil discharged,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed
To every worldly interest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's good a foe profest,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for, oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all;
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-lived roses bring,
To life deceased fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
While yet with life his ashes glow.

Jacobite Epitaphs. On Mary, Wife of William III.[29]

I.

Here ends, notwithstanding her specious pretences,
The undutiful child of the kindest of princes.

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thod of reasoning to the investigation of mental philosophy. See Farrar's Bampton Lectures, "Critical History of Free Thought."

[28] The poems of Cowley, whom Dr. Johnson places at the

Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows
What it is such a father and king to depose;
Between vice and virtue she parted her life,
She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife.

2.

Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?
I'm sorry he is left alone.
Oh, blundering Death! I do thee ban
That took the wife and left the man.
Come, Atropos, come with thy knife,
And take the man to his good wife;
And when thou'st rid us of the knave,
A thousand thanks then thou shalt have.

---

head of those whom he calls metaphysical poets, though sometimes sublime, always moral, and frequently witty, are somewhat tedious and affected.

[29] Mary died of small pox of the most malignant type (1694). "That disease, over which science has since achieved a succession of glorious and beneficent victories, was then the most terrible of all the ministers of death." To the fiercer zealots of the Jacobite party neither the house of mourning nor the grave was sacred; and some of the ejected priests pursued the queen to the grave with invectives and bitter lampoons; but "the public sorrow was great and general. For Mary's blameless life, her large charities, and her winning manners, had conquered the hearts of her people; and the mourning for her was more general than even the mourning for Charles II. had been." "Few of those who now gaze on Greenwich Hospital, the noblest of European hospitals, are aware that it is a memorial of the virtues of the good Queen Mary, of the love and sorrow of William, and of the great victory of La Hogue."—*Macaulay's History of England.*

3.

THE queen deceased, the king so grieved,
As if the hero died, the woman lived;
Alas! we err'd i'the choice of our commanders,
He should have knotted, and she gone to Flanders.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S STATUE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.[30]

HERE mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling passions of her mind;
A brandy-shop before—a church behind.
But why the back turned to that sacred place,
As thy unhappy father's was to grace?
Why, here like Tantalus, in torments placed,
To view those waters, which thou canst not taste?
Though by thy proffer'd globe we may perceive,
That for a dram thou the whole world would'st give.

Dr. Garth.

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[30] The above malignant epigrammatic epitaph was found one night appended to the statue soon after its erection, and attributed to Garth. "At the most, over indulgence in eating and drinking more rich food and strong wine than was wholesome for a person who had no great personal fatigue to endure, is all that can justly be laid to the charge of Queen Anne." Mary II. had much the same failing. They were both great eaters, which they appear to have inherited from their mother, Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and first wife of James II. See Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England."

[31] A thorough change from a Whig to a Tory ministry in 1710-11, induced the witty adherents of the former to hurl

On the Tomb of Queen Anne.

A QUEEN, who snatcht from Marlboro's hand
The bay-girt baton of command,
Lies here: and courtiers now malign[31]
The creature whom they call'd divine;
Yet none among them has denied
That she was sober when she died. *W. S. Landor.*

---

their venom on Anne; and she who had been worshipped became to them an object of loathing and abhorrence. Her memory even, if we may judge from their satires, was maligned. The fall of the Whigs was caused, or at least greatly accelerated, by one of those "explosions of popular feeling peculiar to the English nation. Dr. Sacheverell, a man of but little talent or principle, roused the whole nation, and became himself elevated into a saint and martyr, by a single inflammatory sermon he preached, in which he held up the Whig party, which was then in power, to ridicule, and inculcated passive obedience to the regal authority." His trial by impeachment for it, which ended in his suspension for three years, attracted the public attention in a most extraordinary manner. His politics being much to the queen's taste, she presented him, as soon as that period expired, to the valuable living of St. Andrew, Holborn. In the meanwhile he was carried in procession through the land:

> "Per Graiûm populos mediæque per Elidis urbem
> Ibat ovans."

and wherever he appeared arose a popular spirit of aversion to the Whig administration, and all who favoured the Dissenters. That incomparable English Classic, Dean Swift, feeling, too, his services had been slighted, turned also his

On the Death of John Graham, Viscount of Dundee (Claverhouse).[32]

Oh, last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live;
Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And could'st not fall, but with thy country's fate.

Dryden.

---

brilliant talents against them. His zeal for a change of ministry, and his bitter implacable rancour against Godolphin, Marlborough, &c., were shown with a readiness and versatility almost inconceivable. Swift's popular poetry, and his various political pamphlets and lampoons, produced an amazing effect upon the public mind; and still continue to afford amusement to the reader by the raciness of their personal satire; though many of their inuendos are lost, and others can only be understood through the labour of the commentator. His "Conduct of the Allies," four editions of which were devoured by the public in the space of a week, and than which perhaps no production of the kind ever produced so strong an effect upon general opinion, and his "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty," reconciled the people to a peace; not such as might have been expected from the distinguished successes of Marlborough, but to such terms as France might be induced to yield from the dread of over-playing her own game, and so becoming the means of destroying the very administration on whose continuance in power the prospect of peace depended.

"These pieces were most judiciously adapted to the pre-

ON YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

OF gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

Dryden.

---

judices of the English people. They listened with greedy ear to reasoning which assured them that the triumphs of English valour brought only honour to the country, while the Whig ministry at home exhausted the finances of Britain, and the Dutch and Germans abroad, by a train of gross encroachment and imposition, broke every article of the treaty, and treated England with insolence and contempt, at the very time she was gaining towns, provinces, and kingdoms for them, at the price of her own ruin and without the slightest prospect of national interest."

[32] "Claverhouse was a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and of obdurate heart. He has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. The tool of James II., in his efforts to trample on the liberties of the Scotch people, he goaded the peasantry of the western lowlands into madness. In his efforts to restore that monarch to power he fell at the head of his men at the battle of Killiecrankie, fought 17 July, 1689." See Macaulay's "History of England," and Sir John Dalrymple's "Memoirs," 1st vol.

HERE lies my wife; here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.[33] *Dryden.*

ON THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.[34]

HE who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by a heavenly prince:
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, heaven confin'd in thee.
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
And fewer, such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornament to heaven.
Dryden.

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[33] "This has been ascribed to Dryden, as having been intended for his wife; but Mr. Robert Bell has shown that it must be a calumny. Malone has traced the origin of the epitaph to the French:

'C'y gist ma femme: O, qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos—et pour le mien.'"

[34] This was the fifth marquis. On the breaking out of that great national strife, the civil war, he fortified Basing House,

On Dryden.[35]

THIS Sheffield raised, to Dryden's ashes just,—
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurell'd bust;
What else the muse in marble might express
Is known already: praise would make him less.

Bishop Atterbury.

Intended for Dryden.

THIS Sheffield raised. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?

Pope.

Hants, for the king; and stood a siege of two years before the Parliamentary army took the place. The house, in which the captors found valuables amounting to 300,000*l.*, was burnt to the ground. The marquis survived to 1674, and his loyal faith and courage were acknowledged by Dryden in the above epitaph.

[35] John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, died 1720. The monument to Dryden's memory is in Westminster Abbey. Dryden's prose is matchless for its freedom, vigour, variety, and copiousness; and his poetry is correct, harmonious, and strong, particularly his satires. "The English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. There is, too, in his prose writings, an ease and elegance that have never yet been so well united in works of taste and criticism."—*Goldsmith.*

ON JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, OB. 1722.[36]

IN war's dire chance no sad reverse he found,
Fortune the favourite chief for ever crown'd.
His form here yields to fate! his fame shall grow,
When Mosa or when Ister cease to flow.
Lo! kings and bards their ashes round him blend,
Ambitious once the hero to befriend,
That on the Gaulish tyrant vengeance hurl'd,
The soul of Britain, Europe, and the world.

Part of the translation of the Latin Epitaph in Westminster Abbey.

With all the praises heaped upon the Duke as a warrior of genius and uninterrupted good fortune, and as a statesman of consummate talent, it must not be forgotten he had his enemies who lashed him with the most cutting satire—foremost amongst whom stands

[36] Marlborough was undoubtedly one of the greatest generals and most famous statesmen of this or perhaps any country. He was fortunate and successful in all his campaigns, never losing a single battle. Unhappily, his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind. Besides his avarice and fondness for money, in which he was seconded by his celebrated wife, and which led him to urge the English government which he served to continue a war which brought nothing in its train but empty glory and vast expenses; he, a traitor for his own advancement and regardless of the sacrifice of the lives of hundreds of his countrymen, betrayed the secrets of government; and the expedition against Brest was attended

Dean Swift, who said of him, "he was covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it;" and from whose pen flowed this biting epigrammatic elegy:

His Grace! impossible! what! dead!
Of old age, too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Three-score, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time, in conscience, he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough,
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold, his funeral appears,
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphans' tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse:
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.

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with the most disastrous consequences. See Macaulay's "Hist. of England," vol. iv. p. 63, for a full account of his perfidy. This was the great blot in his career, even if we except his truckling traitorous conduct to James II. as well as William.

True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a duke,
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

On Gay,[37] by himself.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

On Gay.

Well then, poor Gay lies underground!
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back. *Pope.*

---

[37] Whatever may be Gay's merits as a poet, he was the originator of a new species of composition; for we owe to him the ballad opera. Dr. Johnson says, "he had not in any degree the *mens divinior*, the dignity of genius." His Fables are certainly a work of great merit, both as to the quantity of invention employed, and as to the elegance and facility of the execution. Gay was the intimate friend of Pope and Swift, and the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury adopted him as a member of their family. By his "Beggar's Opera," which was a favourite of the town, he gained upwards of 1200*l.*

On the same, in Westminster Abbey.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great.
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust:
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms:—"Here lies Gay!"

Pope.

On Lord Coningsby.[38]

Here lies Lord Coningsby—be civil—
The rest God knows—so does the devil. *Pope.*

On Sir Isaac Newton.[39]

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

Pope.

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[38] This was the Coningsby who, in the reign of George I. impeached Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain (1711), and the intimate friend of Pope.

On Craggs, Secretary of State.[40]

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd by the muse he loved.

Pope.

On Hon. S. Harcourt, only Son of Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near:
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died;
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

Pope.

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[39] So also the two following on the great philosopher:

Newton's no more—by silence grief's exprest;
Lo, here he lies! his works proclaim the rest.

So happy Newton, in his mistress's grace,
He ask'd a glimpse—she show'd him all her face;
For Nature, 'midst the frenzy of her love,
Reveal'd to Newton all her works above.

[40] Craggs, who succeeded Addison as Secretary of State,

On Pope's Mother.

Teach me like thee to think; and give, oh give,
That harder, happier task, *like thee to live.*[41] *Pope.*

On Fenton, the Poet.[42]

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A poet blessed beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.
Pope.

For Pope himself.

Heroes and kings, your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you,
Let Horace blush and Virgil too. *Pope.*

---

having died before his father, who was of low origin, the following was suggested as suitable by Peter Leneve, the herald:

"Here lies the last who died before the first of his family."

[41] The above beautiful inscription was placed on the column Pope erected to the memory of his mother, who died in extreme old age, and who was ever tenderly cared for by her illustrious son.

On the same.

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,—
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, serene, still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

Pope.

On Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart., in Westminster Abbey.[43]

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures, thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

Pope.

---

[42] Fenton and Broome assisted Pope in the translation of the "Odyssey." The latter received from Pope 500*l.* and 100 copies for his services; but we are not told what Fenton was allowed.

[43] Kneller was State painter to Charles II., James II., and William III. honoured him with knighthood, and George I.

On Two Lovers struck dead by Lightning.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.[44]

Pope.

On Pope's Death.

Arise, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the sun of verse is set.

On Pope.

Ye muses, weep! ye sons of Phœbus, mourn,
And decorate with tears this sacred urn!
Pope died: Fame bade the Muses sound his praise;
They said, 'twas done in his immortal lays. *Rolt.*

---

created him a baronet. The Emperor Leopold gave him a patent of nobility. "To a striking likeness he always added grace and elegance in his subjects." Ob. 1723.

[44] See Dr. Johnson's "Life of Pope," for critical remarks on Pope's epitaphs. The latest and best memoir of the poet was recently brought out under the auspices of Rt. Hon. J. Wilson Croker, and Mr. Peter Cunningham.

To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Gay.

Entomb'd with kings though Gay's cold ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious who can hope?
In life beloved, in death bemoan'd by Pope.

Lord Orrery.

On Dr. Sheridan.[45]

Beneath this marble stone there lies
Poor Tom, more merry much than wise;
Who only lived for two great ends,—
To spend his cash, and lose his friends:
His darling wife, of him bereft,
Is only grieved—there's nothing left. *Dean Swift.*

---

[45] The grandfather of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, M.P., and the intimate friend and choice companion of Dean Swift, possessing high spirits which no reverse of fortune could damp or discourage, and a perpetual flow of ready wit and humour. He took his D.D. degree and obtained a living in Ireland; but by an act of inadvertence lost all chance of further preferment, by preaching a sermon on George 1st's birthday from the text "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This thoughtlessness caused him to be struck off the list of the Lord-Lieutenant's chaplains, and parents hastened to take their children from his school; and, in short, as

On a Member of the Kildare Family.

Who *killed Kildare? who dared Kildare to kill?*
Death *killed Kildare*—who *dare kill* whom he will.
Dean Swift.

On John D'Amory the Usurer.[46]

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy, and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest:
The very chest in which, they say,
His *other self*, his money, lay.

Swift said, "he had killed his own fortunes by a chance-shot from an unlucky text." He was an excellent classical scholar, translated "Persius," and sent his scholars to the university well-grounded in classical lore, and not ill-instructed in the social duties of life, spite of his own defects. Swift and he kept up for one whole year a daily correspondence, each letter the unpremeditated effusion of five minutes' writing. Some of this funny nonsense appears in Swift's miscellaneous works.

[46] Demar, the usurer, was an affluent merchant of Dublin, who died 1720. Swift, with some of his friends, happened to be at Mr. Sheridan's, in Capel Street, when the news of Demar's death was brought to them, which caused the company to write an elegy on it:

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.

And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear *self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better half alive. *Dean Swift.*

On Partridge, the Almanac-maker.[47]

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, star-monger, and quack;
Who, to the stars, in pure good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above. *Dean Swift.*

---

[47] "Every age has its appropriate follies; and one by which the opening of the eighteenth century was peculiarly marked, was the general credit given to the productions of almanack-makers, or, as they termed themselves, Philomaths. The science of astrology, however, about 1708, was gradually passing into contempt; and its professors, although their lucubrations continued to interest the community at large, had only cant and impudence to sustain their stately pretensions to vaticination. The solemn, ambiguous, and authoritative style assumed by these astrologers, afforded an ample fund

ON PEARCE, THE EARL OF SUFFOLK'S FOOL.[48]
IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERS.
Ob. June, 1728.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's Fool,
Men call him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make men laugh
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind,
To laugh at by-and-by. *Dean Swift.*

---

for the exercise of Swift's irony, who has imitated in a series of papers with exquisite dexterity the mysterious style of their annual predictions." Among these empirics, one John Partridge, bred a shoemaker, had the fortune to procure a ludicrous immortality by attracting the satire of Swift; who, in ridicule of the whole class of impostors, and of this man in particular, published his celebrated "Predictions for the Year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq." "I have consulted," said Swift, "the star of Partridge's nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die of a raging fever on the 29th of March next, about eleven at night; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time." Partridge, after the 29th of March, publicly denied that he had died, which increased the fun, and the game was kept up in "The Tatler."

[48] The custom was once universally prevalent of keeping professional fools and jesters in palaces and other great houses. "Such officers were of two kinds—one an imperfect-witted man, or fool, whose follies were deemed to be amusing, and who wore a parti-coloured dress; and the other, called a jester,

ON COLONEL CHARTRES.

HERE Francis Chartres lies—be civil!
The rest God knows—perhaps the devil.[49]
Dean Swift.

ON JUDGE BOATE, OB. 1723.[50]

HERE lies Judge Boate within a coffin:
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat, a judge! yes, where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No boat was better deck't than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able skuller. *Dean Swift.*

---

was a ready-witted, able, and perhaps well-educated man; possessed of those gifts of representing character, telling droll stories, and making pointed remarks, which gave distinction to the late Charles Matthews, and whom we occasionally find in a certain degree in private society." A pleasant volume, exhaustive of the subject, was published in 1858 by Dr. Doran.

[49] This, and also the epitaph by Pope, at page 97, on Coningsby, is an application of the Latin lines:

Johannes jacet hic Mirandula—cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges—forsan et Antipodes.

On Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices, Dr. Arbuthnot wrote also in prose an epitaph in which his varied profligacy is circumstantially satirized minutely.

[50] In 1720 Swift published a treatise entitled, "A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures," &c. utterly re-

On the Death of Dean Swift.

When Gay breathed his last, we in silence complain'd,
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
And prayer's daily made to keep Swift from the skies:
Vain wishes! vain prayers! to the winds they are given;
For death comes relentless, and takes him to heaven.
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to run mad.

On the same.

Thy mortal part, ingenious Swift, must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuneful Nine!
The noble *lion* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by *asses*.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, Dramatist and Architect, ob. 1726.[51]

Under this stone, reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay.
Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee. *Dr. Evans.*

---

jecting everything wearable that comes from England. The printer was prosecuted with the utmost rigour by the Government, and the judges, Whitshed and Boate, exerted themselves most unconstitutionally to bring him in guilty of pub-

Pope having submitted his epitaph on "Two Lovers killed by Lightning" to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, she handed him the following parody on it as more appropriate:

HERE lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew—
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last, it rained and lightened,
These tender lovers, sadly frightened,
Sheltered beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away:
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commissioned for that end, no doubt),
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,

---

lishing a tract as a seditious, factious, and virulent libel. Their conduct excited the Dean's wrath, displayed against them by numerous epigrams and lampoons.

[51] Vanbrugh was the architect of Blenheim Palace, the towers of which have a heavy appearance, like most of that architect's performances. The comedies he wrote still hold their place on the stage.

[52] Lady M. W. Montague's skit at marriage. She once said "the only thing that reconciled her to being a woman was, she should never be obliged to marry one."

A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain:[52]
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

HERE lies *Mary Beech*[53] exempt from all care,
Who nursed Alex. Pope full thirty-eight year:
No wonder his genius was so stout, and so strong,
When he lugg'd and he tugg'd at her bubby so long.
Lady Mary W. Montague.

---

[53] In Twickenham churchyard is a gravestone with an inscription on it to the memory of Mary Beech, and signifying that it was erected by Pope, in gratitude to her for having nursed and attended him faithfully for thirty-eight years: on which Lady Montague, who was then at feud with the poet, wrote the above epitaph. It is now somewhat difficult to say what led those eminent persons, who had previously been on the most friendly terms, into a quarrel. It is, however, certain that the bitterest animosity ever afterwards prevailed between them. He nicknamed and satirized her as "Sappho," which, "considering what he wished to be implied, was itself a libel on the poetess of Lesbos." Mr. Moy Thomas, in his edition of "The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague," shows how baseless were Pope's charges and insinuations; and "he has done for the brilliant Englishwoman what scholarship had previously done for the 'Æolian Girl.'" Lady Mary's letters are some of the best in the English language, less airy and subtly epigrammatic than those of Horace Walpole, and somewhat inferior in style to Lord Chesterfield's, but equally valuable in their way. "The higher literature of our age has more spirituality and sentiment than that of the eighteenth century; our lighter literature, too, is free from

On West, the Comedian.

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis given
To live. Alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven. *Prior.*[54]

On himself.[55]

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher. *Prior.*

---

some of the grosser faults of its predecessor at that time; but for sense and clearness, and outspoken decisiveness about life, for a mastery of the whole 'common sense' view of existence and society, and for a genuine love of literature, both as an art and a tradition, we shall never surpass the people among whom Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived, and of whom she was justly one of the most distinguished." See James Hannay's "Characters and Criticisms."

[54] The poems of Prior are easy, lively, and elegant. He filled various offices of state in the reigns of William III. and Anne; and, in 1700, was for a short time Secretary of State. In conjunction with Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, he wrote the "Story of the Country Mouse and City Mouse," a burlesque poem on Dryden's "Hind and Panther." His "History of his Own Times" is an amusing work. When secretary to the embassy in France (1713), and shown the fine paintings by Le Brun at Versailles of the victories of Louis XIV., being asked at the same time whether King William's actions were also to be seen in his palace: "No, sir,"

ANOTHER.

NOT to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friend, Lord, how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust. *Prior.*

ON HENRY FIELDING.[56]

TURN hither, man! within this tomb
In peace does Fielding rest;
This must in time be Stanhope's doom—
Know, then, all wit's a jest.

---

answered Prior, "the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house."

[55] The lines found on a tombstone in Scotland:

JOHN CARNEGIE laies heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing gie him leve:

very probably gave rise to the above. Prior was satirically answered in the "London Journal," Oct. 19, 1723:

Hold, Matthew Prior, by your leave,
Your epitaph is something odd;
Bourbon and you are sons of Eve,
But Nassau is a son of God.

Learning and sense refined shall here
Britannia's loss deplore;
Humour's gay self shall drop a tear,
And vice shall crouch no more.

Now may she rear her shameless head,
And throw her lures abroad;
From earth her constant foe is fled,
To virtue and to God.

On Infants.

I.

JUST to her lips the cup of life she press'd,
Found the taste bitter, and refused the rest;
She felt averse to life's returning day,
And softly sigh'd her little soul away.

---

[56] Fielding, great grandson of the third earl of Denbigh, was bred at Eton and Leyden, and wrote first for the stage. In 1742 he brought out his "Joseph Andrews," a novel full of humour and admirable delineations of human nature. In 1749 came out his principal work, the novel of "Tom Jones," which exhibits a great knowledge of life, and is equally rich in comic delineation and pathetic expression. For his "Amelia," published in 1751, he received 1000*l*. As a Middlesex Justice, he gained considerable reputation by his "Inquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robberies," and his "Proposal for the Maintenance of the Poor." Taking Fielding "for all in all," we believe it is the general opinion that he is what Lord Byron calls him, "The prose Homer of human nature."

2.

FOR thee, sweet babe, shall tears of sorrow flow?
Shall we lament thy earthly flight from woe?
Shall we on life's tempestuous sea deplore
That thou so soon hast gain'd a peaceful shore?
Oh! did we think what numerous ills are here,
Or could we see thee in thy glorious sphere,
Then should we calmly bow to God's decree,
And only strive, through Christ, to dwell with thee.

3.

ERE sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care,
The op'ning bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there. *Lowth.*

IN BURY ST. EDMUND'S CHURCHYARD.

FOND youth, beware betimes, death skulks behind thee:
Remember, as death leaves, the judgment finds thee.

IN BATH CATHEDRAL.

THESE walls adorned with monumental bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.

ON ONE WHO DIED WHILE HIS PHYSICIAN WAS WRITING A PRESCRIPTION FOR HIM.

HOW couldst thou thus so hasty be, O Death?
And why be so precipitate with me?
Why not some moments longer spare my breath,
And let *thy friend*, the doctor, get his fee?

ON JOHN PENNY.

Reader! of *Cash*, if thou'rt in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find a Penny.

ON A SMUGGLER.

HERE I lies,
Killed by the XIS.

ON ONE WHO DIED YOUNG.

BENEATH this hallow'd place is laid
In Death's embrace, a spotless maid:
To this vain world she bad adieu,
Before the ways of sin she knew.
Her parents may their offspring mourn,
And vainly wish for her return;
But humbly let them kiss the rod,
And yield her to her parent—God.

ON A MAN HANGED.

I, JOE POPE,
Lived without hope,
And died by a rope.

ON THE DEATH OF FREDERIC, ELDEST SON OF GEORGE II.

HERE lies Fred.,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.

Had it been his brother,
Still better than another:
Had it been his sister,
No one would have miss'd her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred.,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said.[57]

On the Four Georges, Kings of England.

George the First was always reckon'd
Vile—but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended.

W. S. Landor.

On Theodore, first and only King of Corsica.[58]

The grave, great teacher! to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead;

---

[57] "George IV., whom George III. hated with more than a stepmother's hate, with a hate exceeding that of the Electress Sophia for George I.—that of George I. for George II., and even that of George II. for Frederic, Prince of Wales, the born enemy of his father, a being thoroughly worthless." He

Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.

Earl of Oxford.

ON R. BUTTON, IN A CHURCHYARD NEAR SALISBURY.

OH! sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves then dwindled into *Button*-holes?

ON ARCHBISHOP POTTER, OB. 1747.[59]

ALACK, and well-a-day,
Potter himself is turn'd to clay!

---

died in 1751. See Phillimore's "Reign of George III." vol. i. p. 272.

[58] Corsica was erected into a kingdom in 1736, when Stephen Theodore, baron de Neuhoff, was proclaimed king of Corsica and Capraia. His sovereignty was of short duration, for the Genoese, who previously held the island, were, with the assistance of the French, enabled to drive him from it. He then took refuge in England, and died in London, in 1755, in great indigence.

[59] The prelate, besides some theological works, wrote "Antiquities of Greece," "Discourse on Church Government," and was the editor of Lycophron's poem of "Cassandra," and of "Clemens Alexandrinus" He was of haughty demeanour, proud as Bishop Warburton, of whom Churchill wrote:

HE is so proud, that should he meet
The twelve apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall.

On E. Young, by himself, ob. 1765.[60]

What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies;"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

Posthumous Fame.

A monster in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptured stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

On an Unknown Person.

Without a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
Dust, ashes, naught else, lies within this tomb.
Where'er I lived, or died, it matters not;
To whom related, or by whom begot.
I was, but am not; ask no more of me—
'Tis all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

---

[60] As a poet, Young excels most in his "Night Thoughts," which abound with ornate images, but are often obscure. "In his 'Night Thoughts,' Young has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fer-

On Daniel Tears.

Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb,
To Joseph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
Though strange, yet true, full sev'nty years
His wife was happy in her Tears.

In Llangerrig Church, Montgomery.

O, earth! O, earth! observe this well—
That earth to earth shall come to dwell:
Then earth in earth shall close remain,
Till earth from earth shall rise again.

On a Man named Fish.

Worms bait for fish; but here's a sudden change,
Fish's bait for worms—is not that passing strange?

On Mrs. Death.

Here lies Death's wife; when this way next you tread,
Be not surprised should *Death* himself be dead.

---

tility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage."—*Johnson's Lives of the British Poets.*

On Misers.

1.

HERE crumbling lies beneath this mould,
A man whose sole delight was gold:
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand filled his chest;
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—*the want of more.*

2.

READER, beware immoderate love of pelf;
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself.

3.

HERE lies old forty-five per cent;
The more he got, the more he lent;
The more he saved, the more he craved:
Great God! can such a soul be saved?

4.

HERE lies old father Gripe, who never cried "Jam satis:"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone gratis.

On a Beautiful Young Lady.

HERE rest thy dust, and wait th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still.

On a Coalheaver.

Cease to lament his change, ye dust;
He's only gone from dust to dust.

On Lawyer Lag.

Here lies lawyer Lag, in a woeful condition,
Who once was a law-man, now turn'd politician;
Alive, he a Templar was, keeping his terms,
And dead, he makes one in the *Diet of Worms.*

On a Sexton at Chester.

Hurra! my brave boys, let's rejoice at his fall,
For if he had lived, he had buried us all.

On Rev. T. Parnell, D.D., ob. 1717.[61]

This tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow:
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

O. Goldsmith.

---

[61] Parnell, the friend and correspondent of Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, and other noted wits of the time of Queen

On Edward Purdon.[62]

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

O. Goldsmith.

On Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke, M.P.

From "Retaliation."[63]

I.

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Anne, wrote the Life of Homer for Pope's translation, and some papers in the "Spectator." Of his poems the principal is that entitled the "Hermit."

[62] The college friend of Goldsmith, and the translator of the "Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the galleys of France for his Religion." He was famous, too, says the "Gent. Mag." for his literary abilities. The epitaph on "La Mort du Sieur Etienne" is the original of Goldsmith's:

IL est au bout de ses travaux
Il a passé le Sieur Etienne;
En ce monde il eut tant des maux
Qu'on ne croit pas qu'il revienne.

[63] The editor has transcribed only three of Goldsmith's witty burlesquing epitaphs, and one of the jeux d'esprit, (that by Dean Barnard, afterwards Bishop of Limerick,) "Retalia-

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend[64] to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

O. Goldsmith.

2.

HERE lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:

---

tion" occasioned: "a poem written not in anger by Dr. Goldsmith, but just the contrary, the whole on all sides being done with the greatest good humour." See Cunningham's edition of his works.

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack;
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,[65] and Woodfalls[66] so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.[67]

O. Goldsmith.

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[64] Townshend, M.P. for Whitchurch, afterwards Lord Sidney.

[65] Hugh Kelly, author of "False Delicacy," "Words to the Wise," "School for Wives," &c.

[66] Wm. Woodfall, printer of the "Morning Chronicle," died 1803.

[67] "The sum of all that can be said for and against Garrick, some people think, may be found in these lines of Gold-

On Sir Joshua Reynolds.

3.

HERE Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;[68]
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.[69]

* * * *

O. Goldsmith.

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smith."—*Davies' Life of Garrick.* Though he wrote many pieces, his fame rests on his skill in histrionic representation. "That young man," said Pope, after seeing his Richard 3rd, "never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." He was alike at home in tragedy and comedy. He chiefly dedicated his talents to the great characters of Shakespeare.

[68] "To his gentle and happy composure of mind, our common friend, Goldsmith, alludes when, in describing Reynolds, he employed the epithet *bland*—a word eminently happy, and characteristic of his easy and placid manner."—*Malone's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

[69] He used an ear-trumpet and took snuff. These were the last lines Goldsmith ever wrote. It is supposed he intended to have concluded with his own character.

To Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Cumberland.

Dear Noll, and dear Dick, since you've made us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry!
Though I here must confess that your meat and your wine
Are not to my taste, though they're both very fine;
For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own—
Now there's nothing I hate so as drinking alone:
It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars,
But for my part, I'm fond of more sociable liquors.
Your ven'son's delicious, though too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis.
So soon as you please, you may serve me your dish up,
But instead of your sherry, pray make me a—*Bishop.*

Dean Barnard.

To the Memory of his Ancestors.

Unmark'd by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tomb a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store;
No guilt, no sordid av'rice, made it more.
With honest fame and sober plenty crown'd,
They lived, and spread their cheering influence round:
May he, whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise. *Nugent.*

On a Libertine Gamester.

"Jacta est alea!"

HERE lies a sceptic, long in doubt,
If death could kill the soul, or not.
His scruples death resolves at last;
Convinced—but oh! the die is cast.

On John Grubb.

WHEN from the chrysalis of the tomb,
I rise in rainbow-colour'd plume,
My weeping friends, ye scarce will know
That I was but a Grubb below.

The Memory of the Brave.

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there! *W. Collins.**

ON THOMSON,[70] BURIED AT RICHMOND.

In Westminster Abbey his epitaph consists of the following extract from his "Summer:"

TUTOR'D by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die.

ON MASON, THE POET. IN YORK CATHEDRAL.[71]

FATHER Supreme, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

FROM THE ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;

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* Collins, as a poet, is best known for his "Ode on the Passions," which has long ago been ranked among the order of the sublime. His "Dirge to Cymbeline," in another style, is likewise an excellent effusion.

[70] His poem, "Winter," lay at his publishers unnoticed for a considerable time. At length its merit became appreciated, and Thomson became popular. Dr. Johnson has borne the testimony of approbation to his "Seasons," on which his fame chiefly rests. His works have always been the delight of all classes.

[71] Mason, the executor of his friend Gray, wrote "Elfrida,"

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from heaven—'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God. *T. Gray.*

On Gray.[72]

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray. *Mason.*

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and "Caractacus," two dramas on the Greek model, esteemed the best of his works, besides a life of Gray, and published his letters.

[72] The strictures of Dr. Johnson on Gray's Odes are ably answered by R. Potter, the translator of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Johnson concurs, however, with the common reader in the character of his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "which," he says, "abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." It has long been considered one of the finest poems in the English language. General Wolfe, before he made his attack on Quebec, where he fell, declared to his fellow soldiers, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." "Had Gray

On Vertue, the Engraver. Westminster Abbey Cloisters.[73]

With manners gentle, and a grateful heart,
And all the genius of the graphic art,
His fame shall each succeeding artist own,
Longer by far than monuments of stone.

H. Walpole.

On One who died Young.

Not learning, eloquence, nor honour fair,
Virtue, nor faithfulness, nor pers'nage rare,
Riches nor piety, can save from death;
The sceptre rules o'er all who carry breath:
On persons all of whatsoe'er degree,
Death lays its pallid hand, and none are free.

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written nothing," says Byron, "but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher. It is the corner-stone of his glory . . . . Gray's Elegy pleased instantly and eternally."

[73] Vertue engraved the portraits of scores of the most illustrious persons in English history. He was employed by Kneller, Jervase, Richardson, and other artists, to engrave portraits after their paintings. His "Anecdotes of Painting," left by him in manuscript, were, after his death, published by Horace Walpole, whose character of this distinguished antiquary and engraver is, that "no man living so bigoted to a vocation was ever so incapable of falsehood. He did not deal in hypothesis—scarce in conjecture."

"I was well—would be better—took physic—and died."
Italian Epitaph.

"Let well alone."—*English Proverb.*

HERE Lysimachus lies, who, when twenty years old,
Bade adieu to the light, and was laid in the mould:
If you ask what disease overtook him so soon,
Ere the morning of life had approach'd to its noon,
Why, he died of desiring, when well, to be better,
And of following the faculty's rules to the letter.

IN ev'ry stage of life is giv'n
A warning voice; it comes from heav'n.
In childhood's hour it breathes around,
"The fairest flowers are faded found."
In youth, it whispers as a friend,
"Reflect upon thy latter end."
In manhood, louder swells the cry,
"Remember thou art born to die."
In age, it thunders on the blast,
"O man! thy earthly years are past."
In joy and grief, in ease and care,
In every stage, "Prepare, prepare."
Old Humphrey.

ON JOHN WRIGHT.

HERE lies John Wright, as queer a wight
As sleeps these tombs among;
Who, strange to tell, though always Wright,
Was sometimes in the *wrong*.

At Elgin.

Life is a city with many a street,
Death is the market where all men meet.
If life were a thing which money could buy
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die.

On a Quarrelsome Woman.

Here lies, thank Heaven! a woman who
Quarrelled and stormed her whole life through:
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

On a Quarrelsome Man.

Beneath this stone lies one whose life
Was spent in quarrels and in strife:
Wake not his spirit from its rest,
For when he slept the world was blest.

On a Barber.

An honest man, who lived by shaving you,
His hairs were many, and his graces few.

On a Lawyer.

He practised virtue, pleaded for the right,
  And ran the race that all men try to win;
He lightened many an over-burthened wight;
  And if a stranger came *he took him in.*

On Sir John Guise.

Here lies
Sir John Guise:
No one laughs,
No one cries;
Where he is gone,
And how he fares,
No one knows,
And no one cares.

On Mr. Cumming.

"Give me the best of men," said Death
To Nature: "quick, no humming!"
She sought the man who lies beneath,
And answer'd, "Death, he's Cumming."

In Peterboro' Churchyard.

Reader, pass on, nor idly waste your time,
In bad biography, or bitter rhyme:
For what I am, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.

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74. "Works on wit were no doubt manifold that were cast adrift by Archie Armstrong, Somers, Pasquil, Peele, Tarleton, Skelton, Scoggin, Spiller, Aston, Haines, Pinkethman, and all those other professional jokers and jesters who preceded that Jack Mottley, the dramatist, who, in 1739, published his 'Collection of the most brilliant Jests, the politest

On Joe Miller, the Jester, ob. 1738.[74]

If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, wit, and humour crown'd.

Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and loved so well.

On a Stone that covers the Remains of the Father, Mother, and Brother of Pitt, first Earl of Chatham.

Ye sacred spirits! while your friends, distress'd,
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd;
O, let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,
And with the general sorrow mix her own:
The pensive muse, who, from this mournful hour
Shall raise her voice and wake the strings no more;
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive,—
'Tis all a brother, all a son can give. *Chatham.*

Repartees, the most elegant Bon-mots, and most pleasant Short Stories in the English language, under the now world-famed title of Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wits' Vade-mecum.'" —*London Review*, Jan. 20, 1866.

ON ANN POWELL, IN HALES OWEN CHURCHYARD

HERE, here she lies, a budding rose,
  Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose,
  Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her death are grieved,
  This consolation's given,
She's from the storms of life relieved
  To shine more bright in heaven. *Shenstone.*[75]

IN WINGFIELD CHURCHYARD, SUFFOLK.

POPE boldly asserts (some think the maxim odd),
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
If this assertion is from error clear,
One of the noblest works of God lies here.

ON A CORONER WHO HANGED HIMSELF.

HE lived and died
By suicide.

ON A POOR WOMAN.

HERE I lie at the chancel door,
Here I lie, because I'm poor:
The farther in, the more you pay:
Here lie I as warm as they.

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[75] "The general recommendation of Shenstone," says Dr. Johnson, "is easiness and simplicity." His poems consist of

FROM THE SPANISH.

"BETTER to roam the fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."
This maxim long I happily pursued,
And fell disease my health then ne'er subdued;
But to be more than well at length I tried,
The doctor came at last, and then I died.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CARELESS and thoughtless all my life,
Stranger to every source of strife,
And deeming each grave sage a fool,
The law of nature was my rule
By which I duly learnt to measure
My portion of desire and pleasure.
'Tis strange that here I lie, you see,
For death must have indulged a whim
At any time t'have thought of me,
Who never once did think of him.

Molière, born 1620, ob. 1673, wrote several exquisite plays, and, whilst performing the part of a dead man in one of them, was taken ill, and died a few hours afterwards. Several of his plays have been adapted to the English stage with success.

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elegies, odes, and ballads, humorous sallies and moral pieces His poem of "The Schoolmistress" is his most pleasing performance.

Of the two other eminent dramatic authors of France it may be said that Racine excels Corneille in variety, tenderness, and elegance; but is not equal to him in vigour and genius.

1.

ROSCIUS hic situs est tristi Molierus in urnâ,
Cui genus humanum ludere, ludus erat.
Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et nimium fingere, sæva negat.

WITHIN this melancholy tomb confined,
Here lies the matchless ape of human-kind;
Who, while he labour'd with ambitious strife
To mimic death, as he had mimick'd life,
So well, or rather ill, perform'd his part,
That Death, delighted with his wond'rous art,
Snatch'd up the copy, to the grief of France,
And made it an original at once.

2.

CI-DESSOUS gît un grand seigneur,
Qui de son vivant nons apprit,
Qu'un homme peut vivre sans cœur,
Et mourir sans rendre l'esprit. *Countess de Bregy.*

A NOBLE lord here buried is,
The lesson of whose life was this—
Without a heart a man may live,
And die without a soul to give. *S.*

On Voltaire.

3.

PLUS bel esprit que grand génie,
Sans loi, sans mœurs, et sans vertu,
Il est mort, comme il a vécu,
Couvert de glorie et d'infamie. *J. B. Rousseau.*

NO mighty genius, but of talents rare,
Without law, morals, or one virtuous care:
As he had lived, so likewise did he die,
Covered with glory and with infamy. *S.*

On J. J. Rousseau.

4.

PARMI ces peupliers paisibles,
Repose Jean Jaques Rousseau:
Approchez cœurs bons et sensibles,
Votre ami dort sous ce tombeau.

BENEATH this poplar's tranquil shade
The great, the good Rousseau is laid:
Here let the *sympathetic* mind
Weep o'er the friend of human kind.[76]

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[76] It is now admitted by most men that Louis XIV. ought to be regarded as the author of the first French Revolution. He was in himself a man no way above mediocrity, though flattered with the epithet of great; ignorant, vain, sensual, bigoted, and intensely cruel. From his ambition and destructive wars, his misgovernment and reckless extravagance, arose

ON M. PIRON, BY HIMSELF.[77]

5.

CY gît Piron, qui ne fût rien,
Pas même Academicien.

HERE lies Piron, who held no position,
Not even that of an Academician.[77]

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the social evils which necessitated that terrible catastrophe. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, and the other encyclopedists, commonly obtain credit for the work, and they were no doubt the most prominent agents; but other men commenced the system of subversion—Rabelais, Montaigne, La Boetie, Bayle—who unsettled the mind, not of France only, but of the whole continent. The accession of Louis XV. brought with it no change for the better. He could not have adopted a more efficient mode of discrediting royalty than the life which he chose to lead. So licentious was it that it perplexes even the historian to relate it. His hideous and disgusting vices, coupled with revolting cruelty, and the immunity of the clergy and nobility from the taxation of the country, maddened and prepared the French mind for those sweeping changes the following reign witnessed. Voltaire and Rousseau died almost at the same time, just as their doctrines began to be practically acknowledged in Europe and America. Rousseau had lived to say, "the American Rebellion portends European Revolution." The last moments of either philosopher were significant of his life and doctrines.

[77] Piron was a man of infinite wit and humour, but licentious to the last degree. His unsuccessful attempt to become an Academician led him to retaliate by keenly satirizing the members of that body. His "Metromania," is considered one

On Metastasio.[78]

6.

Avec l'esprit fecond du Dante et de Voltaire,
Dans un siècle affamé d'écrits licencieux;
Etranger aux auteurs qui se faisaient la guerre,
Il honora les mœurs et respecta les cieux.

Caraccioli.

As Dante disdainful, fluent as Voltaire,
Midst readers all agog for filth and libel,
From authors' noisy feuds he kept him clear,
Respected virtue, nor abused the Bible. *S.*

On Constantine Canaris.[79]

From the German of Wilhelm Müller.

7.

I am Constantine Kanaris.
I, who lie beneath this stone,
Twice into the air in thunder
Have the Turkish galleys blown.

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of the best French comedies in existence. He wrote also other plays, and many satirical poems and epigram, all evincing the highest talent.

[78] Metastasio, like Pope, wrote verses in his tender years, and when only fourteen composed his tragedy "Il Giustino." He was much patronised by the emperor Charles VI. by whom he was allowed a large pension. He was the favourite,

In my bed I died—a Christian,
Hoping straight with Christ to be;
Yet one earthly wish is buried
Deep within the grave with me—

That upon the open ocean,
When the third Armada came,
They and I had died together,
Whirled aloft on wings of flame.

Yet 'tis something that they laid me
In a land without a stain:
Keep it thus, my God and Saviour,
Till I rise from earth again!

Professor W. E. Aytoun.

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too, of Maria Theresa and Ferdinand, sixth king of Spain. He wrote many operas and dramatic pieces much admired. In England he is chiefly known as the author of the libretti of several operas, such as "Artaserse," "Semiramide," "La Clemenza da Tito." His genius has been compared to "the goddess Chloris of the Greeks, who, in flying through the air, scattered roses wherever she went."

[79] Kanaris, a celebrated Greek mariner, in the Greek war of independence (1821-29,) signalized himself by conducting the fire-ships into the Turkish fleet. He has been called the "Themistocles of Modern Greece," and Victor Hugo has popularized his daring deeds in verse. He was nominated minister of marine and president of the council in 1848, but in 1855 retired into private life.

[80] To show the inconsistency of some men's character, before Robespierre became a member of the French National Assembly he published a "Treatise on Crimes and Punish-

On Robespierre, Guillotined 1794.[80]

8.

Here lies Robespierre—let no tear be shed:
Reader, if he had lived, thou hadst been dead.

On Miss Hawtain, born without Hands.

Nature neglected this ignoble part,
While on the face she lavish'd all her art.
Thus sculptors charm us with a like deceit,
We gaze, admire, and think the bust complete.

J. S. (1777.)

On Quin, the Actor.[81]

The scene is changed—I am no more,
Death's the last act—now all is o'er. *D. Garrick.*

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ments," in which he denied the right of society to put offenders to death; but when chief of the Jacobins he evinced the most bloodthirsty cruelty. On being named public accuser, the prisons of Paris were crowded with unfortunate victims of all ages and sects. Numbers were daily put to death, and the streets were deluged with blood. At length this ferocious French revolutionist was accused of seeking his own aggrandisement by getting rid of his colleagues, and was condemned to death.

[81] Quin was the first actor of the age till Garrick appeared. In 1746 the rival actors performed together in the "Fair Penitent," and exhibited an astonishing display of powers.

On Quin.

THAT tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ;
Cold is that hand which, living, was stretch'd forth
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

D. Garrick.

On Havard, the Comedian.

HAVARD from sorrow rests beneath this stone:
An honest man—beloved as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

D. Garrick.

Quin was employed by Frederic, prince of Wales, to instruct the royal children in elocution; and George III. having delivered his first speech from the throne in a graceful manner, when told of it, Quin said, "Ay, it was I who taught the boy to speak." About this time he obtained a pension, having retired from the stage some years before.

On Mr. Beighton, who had been Vicar of Egham forty-five Years.

Near half an age, with ev'ry good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door:
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All mourn his death, his virtues long they tried,
They knew not how they loved him, till he died.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

D. Garrick.

On Sterne.[82]

Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne?

D. Garrick.

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[82] On Sterne another epitaph may be given:

How often wrong's our nomenclature!
How our names differ from our nature
'Tis easy to discern;
Here lies the quintessence of wit,
For mirth and humour none more fit,
And yet men call him Stern-e.

The wit and humour in Sterne's novel of "Tristram Shan-

On Paul Whitehead.[83]

HERE lies a man misfortune could not bend,
Praised as a poet, honour'd as a friend;
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glowed a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp afflictions bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth, the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—'till he died.

D. Garrick.

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dy," published at the mature age of forty-seven, "brought him at once into the blaze of a London reputation." This was followed by his "Sentimental Journey in France," Sermons under the name of "Yorick." His writings display rather native genius than profound erudition, and his wit somewhat resembles that of Rabelais, which he carried with him even into the pulpit. It is told of him, that being once called upon to preach a Charity Sermon, he chose for his text the words, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" "Well," said he, "if you think the security good, be so kind as to post the blunt. Now to God the Father, God the Son," &c., &c. He was the great-grandson of Archbishop Sterne, supposed to have been the author of that excellent book "The Whole Duty of Man."

[83] Whitehead's poems are not above mediocrity. He was satirized by Churchill in these lines:

> May I (can more disgrace on manhood fall?)
> Be born a Whitehead, and baptized a Paul.

His "State Dunce," (inscribed to Pope, and a close imitation of that writer,) "Manners" (1739), and "Honour," are

On Pitt, first Earl of Chatham.[84]

Shall Chatham die, and be forgot? oh, no!
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow;
His matchless ardour fired each fear-struck mind,
His genius soar'd when Britons droop'd and pined.

D. Garrick.

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attacks on the leading men in power, whom he calumniated with relentless and undistinguishing bitterness. When his friends came into power he obtained the sinecure office of Deputy Treasurer to the Chamber, worth 800*l.* per annum. His easiness of disposition and incapacity to resist the persuasions of his friends led him to participate in the orgies of Mednam Abbey; but his latter years appear to have been without reproach.

[84] Pitt entered Parliament as M.P. for Old Sarum (1736), and exerted himself strenuously in opposition to the measures of Sir Rob. Walpole, for which Sarah, Duchess of Marlboro', who hated Walpole, bequeathed him a legacy of 10,000*l.* All the world is cognizant of the stupendous statesmanlike qualities of his mind. When ruling the destinies of his country, the most brilliant actions were performed on the Continent and the East. A writer in the "London Quarterly Review" says, "Lord Chatham was the most powerful orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of this empire. For nearly half a century he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but the foremost man in all the world." "Chatham's genius and eloquence," says J. G. Phillimore, in his admirable "History of England during the Reign of George III.," "raised our island from an abyss of despondency and humiliation to a higher pitch of glory than

On Hogarth.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And, through the eye, correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, reader, stay,
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, pass away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

D. Garrick.

On Goldsmith.

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.[85]

D. Garrick.

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she has both before or since been permitted to attain."—Vol. i. p. 201.

[85] This burlesque epitaph originated with the poet's challenge to try his epigrammatic powers with the dramatist who excelled in this species of writing, and each of them was to write the other's epitaph. Garrick at once said his epitaph was finished, and spoke the above distich. Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily, grew very thoughtful, and either would not, or could not write anything at that time: however, soon afterwards he produced his much admired, and last poem, called "Retaliation," which contains the mock epitaphs of Garrick, Reynolds, Burke, and the rest of the party, one or two of which will appear in the following

On Garrick.

I.

To paint fair nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand—
A Shakespeare rose—then, to expand his fame
Wide o'er this "breathing world," a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day:
And, till eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time;
Shakespeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine. *Pratt.*

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pages. See Cunningham's "Goldsmith's Works," vol. i. Goldsmith's character is justly expressed by Pope:

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

His "Traveller," his immortal tale, "The Vicar of Wakefield," his "Deserted Village;" and his comedies, "The Good-natured Man," "She Stoops to Conquer," placed him in the first rank of the poets of the eighteenth century. "He was a studious and correct observer of nature; happy in the selection of his images, in the choice of his subjects, and in the harmony of his versification."

"There are very few branches of literature which he had not cultivated, if not with unparalleled, at least with more than ordinary success. In all he was above mediocrity; in some he reached excellence, and in one work (the delightful 'Vicar') he has left us a masterpiece of originality and grace."

Shaw's Outlines of English Literature.

2.

WHEN Shakespeare died, he left behind
No mortal of an equal mind.
When Garrick play'd, he lived again,
Unrivall'd 'mongst the sons of men.
But Garrick dies! and mark the sequel,
The world will never see their equal.

ON "OLD DOG TRAY."

HERE rest the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way.
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

ON A HORSE.

A GENEROUS foe, a faithful friend,
A hero bold, here met his end:
He conquer'd both in war and peace;
By death subdued, his glories cease.
Ask you, who finish'd here his course
With so much honour? 'Twas a horse.

ON A NATURALIST.

HERE lies a sage, who studied Nature's works,
Where beetle, blind-worm, newt, or scorpion lurks;
Through all their various properties and forms,
Moths, butterflies, grubs, caterpillars, worms,
His fancy fed, and gave a rich repast:
Lo ye! he's gone to feed them all at last.

On a Sumptuous Liver.

"Flesh is but grass," the Scripture says; 'tis true:
But trust me, worms, I'm more than grass for you.

On the Editor of the "Wits' Magazine."

Reader! here lies thy quondam merry friend,
Chop-fall'n, alas! and quite at his wits' end.

On Mr. Stone, in Affington Churchyard, Devonshire.

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfill'd in me,
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

On seeing Falsehood recorded on a Tombstone.

Here both they *lie*, upon my life,
The tell-tale marble, and the wife.

On Woollet, the Engraver.[86]

Here Woollet rests, contented to be saved;
Who engraved well—but is not well *en-graved.*

---

[86] Engraving is first mentioned by Moses, B. C. 1491, (Exod. xxviii. 9,) "Take two onyx stones, and grave on them the names of the children of Israel." Its revival in Europe dates from about the fifteenth century. Engraving on diamonds (1500), Mezzotint (1643), in colours (1725), in imitation of

ON SAMUEL FOOTE, THE COMEDIAN, OB. 1777.[87]

HERE lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save,
For death has now one Foote within the grave.

ON MR. DEATH, THE ACTOR.

DEATH levels all, both high and low,
Without regard to stations;
Yet why complain
If we are slain?
or here lies one, at least, to show
He kills his own relations.

ON MR. CHURCHMAN.

OUR life hangs by a single thread,
Which soon is cut, and we are dead.
Then boast not, reader, of thy might,
Alive at noon and dead at night.

---

pencil (1756), aquatinta (1762), on copper (1450), steel (1515). Engraving on wood (A.D. 1400) took its rise from the manufacturers of playing-cards, and from this sprung the invention of printing, first attempted by means of wooden types, not moveable. The art of engraving was greatly improved by Albert Durer, and brought to perfection in England by Bewick, Woollet, Nesbit, and Harvey. Besides many other fine works, Woollet engraved "The Death of Gen. Wolfe," "Battle of the Hague," "Cicero at his Villa," after R. Wilson, and some landscapes after Claude.

[87] Foote mimicked noted individuals of his day, who had natural failings and peculiarities of manner. He displayed an

ON MR. KING, LATE OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.[88]

HERE lies a crownless monarch, though a King,
Sans lands, sans subjects, and sans everything.

ON A LADY WHOSE NAME WAS STONE.

Stone, Clay, Dust.

CURIOUS enough, we all must say,
That what was Stone should now be *clay;*
And still more curious, own we must,
That what was Stone will soon be *dust.*

ON AN EDITOR.

HERE lies an editor!
Snooks if you will:
In mercy, kind Providence,
Let him *lie still.*
He *lied* for his living: so
He lived, while he *lied:*
When he could not *lie longer*,
He *lied* down, and died.

---

infinite fund of comic humour, both in his conversation and his writings, "The Diversions of the Morning," "An Auction of Pictures," the "Minor," and other plays. His farces procured him the title of the English Aristophanes. Dr. Johnson said that for loud, obstreperous, broad-faced mirth he had no equal.

[88] In dry sarcastic humour King was never surpassed, if ever

On a Woman who had an Issue in her Leg.

Here lieth Margaret, otherwise Meg,
Who died without issue, save one in her leg.
Strange woman was she, and exceedingly cunning,
For whilst one leg stood still, the other kept running.

On John Stewart, at Inverness.

"Hoc mihi, cras tibi. Sic transit gloria mundi."

To-day is mine, to-morrow yours may be,
And so doth pass this world's poor pageantry.

On an Auctioneer.

Here lies the remnant of old Puff,
A wight of more than modern stuff;
Who, Samson-like, true heart of oak,
Could *knock down* houses at a stroke:
But Death at last, in jeering scoff,
With his fell hammer struck him off.

On Spellman, a Dyer.

I.

John Spellman's like will ne'er be found,
He dyed for all the country round:

---

equalled. His principal character was that of "Lord Ogleby;" and his performance of Sir Peter Teazle, in "The School for Scandal," was admirable, and made him very popular as an actor. Though he acquired a fortune on the stage, he lost it in gambling, and died in great penury.

Yet hear with patience, if you can,
The base ingratitude of man:
When death approach'd, with aspect grim,
Not one of them would die for him;
So, leaving all his worldly pelf,
Poor John, at last, died for himself.

2.

HERE lies the man who dyed of wool great store,
One day he died himself, and dyed no more.

"No one thinks himself too old to live another year."

AT seventy-seven, in life's full bloom,
Remorseless Death consign'd me to the tomb;
Stay, traveller, and mourn my early fate,
Another year I had been seventy-eight.

Rev. P. Hale.

ON A COWARDLY SOLDIER.

READER, a soldier here lies dead,
Who oft from fields of battle fled;
And, should he hear the trumpet's sound,
Though dead, he'll rise and quit the ground.

ON AN OLD MAID, WHO DROPT TEN YEARS OF HER AGE.

A STIFF-STARCH'D virgin of unblemish'd fame
And spotless virtue, Bridget Cole by name,
At length the death of all the righteous dies:
Aged just four and fifty—*here she lies.*

On a Young Lady.[89]

Closed are those eyes that beam'd seraphic fire,—
Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire;
Mute is the voice, where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd;
And lively wit, which, decently confined,
No pride e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modest knowledge, fair, untrifling youth,
Persuasive reason, and endearing truth;
Could honour, shown in friendship most refined,
And sense, that shields the attempted virtuous mind—
The social temper, never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life,—
Could these have e'er the dart of death defied,
Never—ah, never! had Melinda died.
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortalized by friendship, love, and fame.

Richard Savage.[90]

---

[89] I am unable to give the name of this lady. J. B.

[90] The reputed natural son of the Countess of Macclesfield by Earl Rivers, and a poet of some estimation in his day. Dr. Johnson, who, at the outset of his career, was the companion of Savage's distress, wrote his biography, which is generally considered the best piece in his "Lives of the English Poets," the doctor's last literary labour. Savage wrote some plays and poetical pieces, the best of which is the poem entitled, "The Bastard." He had considerable genius, but it was uncultivated.

[91] A Scotch painter, intended by his father, a man of good family, for the profession of the law; but his passion for the

On Mr. Aikman, the Painter,[91] and his Son.

Dear to the wise and good, dispraised by none,
Here sleep, in peace, the father and the son:
By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth, unambitious wit, afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
The son's fair rising knew too short a date,
But, oh! how more severe the parent's fate:
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish—wept and died.

Dr. Jortin's[92] Epitaph on his Cat.

Imitated in English.

Worn out with age and dire disease, a cat,
Friendly to all, save wicked mouse and rat,
I'm sent at last to ford the Stygian lake,
And, to the infernal coast, a voyage make.
Me *Proserpine* received, and smiling said,
"Be bless'd within these mansions of the dead:
Enjoy among the velvet-footed loves,

---

fine arts was so great that he determined to cultivate it. He found a patron in the Duke of Argyle, and excelled most in portrait painting. Born, 1682; died, 1731.

[92] Jortin wrote much in his lifetime: "Life of Erasmus," "Remarks on Spenser's Poems, and on Milton," "Lusus Poetici," &c., &c., and translated for Pope some of Eustathius's notes on Homer.

Elysium's sunny banks and shady groves."
"But if I've well deserved, O gracious queen,
If patient under sufferings I have been,
Grant me, at least, one night to visit home again,
Once more to see my home, and mistress dear,
And purr these grateful accents in her ear:
'Thy faithful cat, thy poor departed slave,
Still loves her mistress e'en beyond the grave.'"

On a Shrew.

Here *lies* my dear wife, a vixen and shrew:
If I said I lamented her, I should *lie* too.

Another.

Two bones of my body have taken a trip,
I buried my wife and got rid of my hyp.

On Mrs. Sexton.

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a wife that never vex'd one,
You can't say that for her at the next stone.

On the Tomb of T. Maude, Author of a Poem, "Wensleydale."

In the North Riding of Yorkshire.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour, with an age of ease:
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

On John Shaw, Attorney.

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law:
And when he died,
The devil cried,
Give me your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law.

Earl Russell's Memoirs of Moore, the Poet.

On a Fool, who was shot through the Head in a Duel.

Here lies poor Tommy: Nature at his end
Thought 'twas but right for once to stand his friend;
For in the shades below he now can say,
"At least there 's something in my head to-day."

On a Faithful Servant.

His master found him faithful whilst on earth,
And placed this stone in justice to his worth.

On Quick, the Actor.[93]

The great debt of Nature he paid, as all must,
And came, like a gentleman, down with his dust.

---

[93] Quick was famous in his day for travestie of the parts of plays he performed; indeed, his friends knowing his humour and powers, were rarely satisfied unless they were gratified. It is said, that once, when in playing "Richard the Third," he

IN PANCRAS CHURCHYARD.

AS I am now, so you must be;
Therefore, prepare to follow me.

The Rev. W. Huntington, of S. S. (Sinner Saved) notoriety, wrote underneath this answer:

TO follow you I'm not intent,
Till I can learn which way you went.

ON ONE WHO DIED OF THE HYP.

DEATH, by a conduct strange and new,
Proved here th' effect and motive too:
Ned met the blow he meant to fly,
And died, because he fear'd to die.

IN ST. BENET'S CHURCH, PAUL'S WHARF.

HIC jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus—quomodo sic?

Thus freely translated:

HERE lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One more and no more—how can that be?
Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here alone;
But here lies one More, and that's more than one.

---

came to the part where the king exclaims, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," by way of putting a finishing stroke to the fun, he extemporized, "and if you can't bring me a horse, bring me a jackass."

On Hogarth.[94]

THE hand of Art here torpid lies,
That traced the essential form of Grace,
Here death has closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

If genius warm thee, reader, stay,
If merit touch thee, shed a tear;
Be vice and dulness far away!
Great Hogarth's honour'd dust is here.

Dr. S. Johnson.

On Philips, the Musician.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love,
Rest here; oppress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a strain like thine.

Dr. S. Johnson.

---

[94] Garrick having shown Johnson the epitaph he had written on the great painter, the latter at once wrote the above as preferable to the one which appears at page 146. "Hogarth's 'Rake's levee room,' 'The Nobleman's dining room,' 'Marriage à la Mode,' 'The Alderman's Parlour,' 'The Bed-Chamber,' and many others, are the history of the manners of the age."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

On Edward Cave.[95]

He lived a patriarch in his numerous race,
And show'd in charity a Christian grace:
Whate'er a friend or parent feels, he knew:
His hand was open, and his heart was true:
In what he gain'd and gave, he taught mankind,
A grateful always is a generous mind.
Here rests his clay! his soul must ever rest,
Who bless'd when living, dying must be blest.

Dr. S. Johnson.

On Sir Thos. Hanmer, Bart.[96]

Thou who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;

---

[95] "Cave was an enterprising intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' which he originated in 1731. It was the only periodical work in the kingdom which then had what would now be called a large circulation. It was, indeed, the chief source of parliamentary intelligence."—*Lord Macaulay's Life of Johnson.* Cave is to be remembered chiefly on account of his being the early patron and friend of Johnson, who contributed to the Magazine, and who wrote Cave's biography.

[96] Hanmer was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and published an edition of Shakespeare with Notes, in 6 vols. 4to.

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.
Thus early wise, the endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenced the senator and man.
In business dexterous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the State;
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suspended faction ceased from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
While Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne!
Then when dark arts obscured each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of State,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.
This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from virtue's paths was lured aside,
To pluck the flowers of pleasure or of pride;
Her gifts despised, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursued him where Conviction led.
Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour sated, and with cares oppress'd:

To letter'd ease retired and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur, and domestic worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.
Calm conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till nature call'd him to her general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

Dr. S. Johnson.

EPITAPHS ON JOHNSON.

1.

NO need of Latin or of Greek to grace
Our Johnson's memory, or inscribe his grave;
His native language claims this mournful space,
To pay the immortality he gave.

Rt. Hon. H. Flood.

2.

HERE Johnson lies, a sage by all allow'd,
Whom to have bred, may well make England proud;
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim, grave, masculine, and strong,
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from heaven possess'd,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
O man! immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth, by glory in the skies. *W. Cowper.*

3. (1786.)

HERE lies poor Johnson. Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear:

Religious, moral, generous, and humane,
He was—but self-sufficient, rude and vain:
Ill-bred, and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,
Boswell and *Thrale*, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and cough'd, and spit.[97]

Soame Jenyns.

---

[97] This illiberal and petulant attack upon the great moralist was written by Jenyns, author of a "Free Enquiry into the Origin of Evil," which had been criticised and exposed by Johnson with acute argument and brilliant wit. Jenyns quietly submitted to the lash while Johnson lived, but after his death indulged his puny resentment by writing the above epitaph, which caused Boswell to write the following on Jenyns himself:

PREPARED FOR A CREATURE NOT QUITE DEAD YET.

HERE lies a little ugly nauseous elf
Who, judging only from its wretched self,
Feebly attempted, petulant and vain,
The "origin of evil" to explain.
A mighty genius, at this elf displeased,
With a strong critic grasp the urchin squeezed.
For thirty years its coward spleen it kept,
Till in the dust the mighty genius slept;
Then stunk and fretted in expiring snuff,
And blink'd at Johnson with its last poor puff.

Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson.

"Few of the papers Johnson contributed to the 'Literary Magazine' have much interest; but among them was the very

On Lowth, Bishop of London, ob. 1787.

If learning, genius, manners, void of guile,
The schoolman's labour, and the churchman's toil;
If brightest parts, devoted but to good,
A soul which ev'ry selfish view withstood;
If heavenly Charity's most winning charms,
And boundless love, with ever outstretch'd arms;
If all the tender and domestic train
Of private virtues, such as grace the plain,
If God's vicegerents, acting on that plan,
Which most endears man's dignity to man,
E'er won thy heart—Lowth's sacred shrine survey,
And with a weeping world thy tearful tribute pay.

On a Church Bell-ringer.

To ringing from his youth he always took delight,
Now his bell has rung, and his soul has ta'en its flight,
We hope to join the choir of heavenly singing,
That far excels the harmony of ringing.

---

best thing he ever wrote, a masterpiece both of reasoning and of satirical pleasantry, the review of Jenyns' 'Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.'"—*Lord Macaulay's Life of Johnson.* As a writer, few have done such essential service to his country as Johnson, by fixing its language and regulating its morality. Since his death, however, the popularity of his works, if we except the "Lives of the Poets," and perhaps the "Vanity of Human Wishes," has greatly diminished.

On a Tailor.

FATE cuts the thread of life, as all men know,
And fate cut his, though he so well could sew:
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravelled when our course is run.

On Mr. Bywater.

HERE lie the remains of his relatives' pride,
By water he lived, and *by water* he died;
Though *by water* he fell, yet *by water* he'll rise,
By water baptismal attaining the skies.

On an Ignorant Drunken Sot.

FIVE letters his life and his death will express,
He scarce knew A B C, and he died of XS.

On a Schoolmaster who was very fond of exercising his Pupils in the Latin Declensions.

MORS mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset
Æternæ vitæ janua clausa foret.

Thus rendered:

THE death of death to death, death by death gave,
That for eternal life he souls might save.

Rev. J. H. C. Wright.

On One who had sinned.

Poor child of earth, by treach'rous vow betray'd,
From sin and sorrow thou at length art free,
The debt of nature has been duly paid,
And kneeling pity pays her debt to thee.

On a Capricious Lady.[98]

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam :
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

R. Burns.

On a Fool.

Stop thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en;
How shall I make a fool again?

R. Burns.

On a Friend.

An honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the most of this.

R. Burns.

"Hic jacet wee Johnny."[99]

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That death has murder'd Johnny:
An' here his body lies fu' low,
For soul he ne'er had ony. *R. Burns.*

A BARD'S EPITAPH.[100]

IS there a whim inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,

---

[98] "In this stinging epitaph Burns satirises Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park. He had taken offence because she seemed to pay more attention to some officers in the company than to the poet, who had a supreme contempt for 'epauletted puppies,' as he delighted to call them. This quarrel and the means he took of showing his anger were not creditable to the poet, for he had no warmer friend and admirer than Mrs. Riddel."

[99] John Wilson, the printer of the Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works.

[100] Of this beautiful epitaph, which Burns wrote for himself, Wordsworth says: "Here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a public declaration from his own will, a confession at once devout, poetical, and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy!"

That weekly this area throng?
Oh! pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

This poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root. *R. Burns.*

---

[101] The poet's father was a most remarkable man. His illustrious son said of him: "He was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large, where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, for which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who have

On John Dove, Innkeeper, Mauchline.

The subject of the following lines was the landlord of the Whitefoord Arms in Mauchline.

Here lies Johnny Pigeon:
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pigeon had none!

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori;*
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory. *R. Burns.*

On Burns's Father.[101]

The following lines were inscribed on a small headstone erected over the grave of the poet's father in Alloway Kirkyard:

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence, and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend;

---

understood *men, their manners, and their ways,* equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man's son."

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For even his failings lean'd to virtue's side."[102]

R. Burns.

On a Schoolmaster.[103]

Here lie Willie Michie's bones;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak' em! *R. Burns.*

On a Person nicknamed the Marquis.[104]

Here lies a mock marquis, whose titles were shamm'd;
If ever he rise—it will be to be damn'd. *R. Burns.*

On a Suicide.

Earth'd up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble—
Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel
To save the Lord the trouble. *R. Burns.*

---

[102] Goldsmith.

[103] W. Michie was schoolmaster of the parish of Cleish, in Fifeshire, and became acquainted with Burns during his first visit to Edinburgh, in 1787.

[104] The man who bore this name was the landlord of a tavern in Dumfries, frequented by Burns. In a moment of weakness he asked the poet to write his epitaph, which he immediately did, in a style not at all to the taste of the Marquis.

On Robert Aiken, Esq.[105]

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much loved, much honour'd name,
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. *R. Burns.*

On John Bushby.[106]

Here lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, devil, gin you can. *R. Burns.*

On a noted Coxcomb.

Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender,
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under. *R. Burns.*

On Gavin Hamilton.

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damn'd. *R. Burns.*

---

[105] R. Aiken, writer, Ayr, was one of the poet's most intimate friends.

[106] Bushby, it seems, was a sharp-witted clever lawyer, who happened to cross the poet's path in politics, and was therefore considered a fair subject for a lampoon.

On a noisy Polemic.[107]

Below thir stones lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion! *R. Burns.*

On a henpecked Country Squire.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The devil ruled the woman. *R. Burns.*

On R. Fergusson, Poet, ob. 1774.[108]

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
R. Burns.

---

[107] James Humphrey, a mason, was the "noisy polemic" of this epitaph. Burns and he frequently disputed on auld-light and new-light topics; and Humphrey, although an illiterate man, not unfrequently had the best of it. He died in great poverty, having solicited charity for some time before his death. We have heard it said, that in soliciting charity from strangers who arrived and departed by the Mauchline coach, he grounded his claims to their kindness on the epitaph:

"Please, sirs, I'm Burns's bletherin' bitch!"

[108] Burns erected a monument to his friend Fergusson's memory in Canongate churchyard. "Fergusson's works consist

ON BURNS' ONLY DAUGHTER, WHO DIED 1795.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation 's given—
She 's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in heaven. *R. Burns.*

A TRIBUTE TO BURNS HIMSELF.[109]

O, ROBBIE BURNS! the man, the brither!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall we find anither,
The world around?

---

of several poems of considerable humour, in the Scottish dialect, the chief of which, 'The Farmer's Ingle,' supplied the hint of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' to Burns, who esteemed the author with excessive partiality, and placed over his grave a headstone inscribed with verses of appropriate feeling." *Hazlitt's British Poets.*

[109] Burns, the national poet of Scotland, attempted hardly anything in civil life in which he succeeded; and scarcely anything, as a poet, in which he did not succeed. As a prose writer, too, he displayed extraordinary talent. His letters exhibit purity and facility of expression, and abound with

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash of state!
But by the honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the sweetest poet's fate
E'er lived on earth.

EPITAPH ON BURNS.

CONSIGN'D to earth, here rests the lifeless clay,
Which once a vital spark from heaven inspired;
The lamp of genius shone full bright as day,
Then left the world to mourn its light retired.

---

those marks of elegance, variety, and vigour which distinguish genius. It was in allusion to his *honourable Scotch friends* obtaining for him the appointment of an exciseman that Coleridge, indignant at this ill-fated son of genius being made "a gauger of ale firkins," calls upon his friend, Charles Lamb, to "gather a wreath of henbane, nettles, and nightshade,

To twine
The illustrious brow of Scotch nobility."

Byron declares that the Scottish poet was the "very first of his art." Some few of Burns' poems, it must be admitted, are immoral, and some equivocal in their tendency. Of the solemn and sublime the "Vision," "Despondency," the "Lament," "Winter, a Dirge," and the "Invocation to Ruin," afford striking examples. Of the tender and the moral, many beautiful specimens are found in the elegiac verses, entitled, "Man was made to Mourn," the "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Stanzas to a Mouse," and those to a "Mountain Daisy."

While beams that splendid orb which lights the spheres,
While mountain streams descend to swell the main,
While changeful seasons mark the rolling years,
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain!

On a Fellow of Trinity College.

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,
He was a Fellow, too, of Trinity;
He knew as much about Divinity,
As other fellows do of Trinity. *Porson.*

On Admiral Kempenfeldt, drowned in the Royal George at Spithead, in 1782.

Toll, toll, for the brave—
Brave Kempenfeldt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfeldt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

W. Cowper.

On a worthless Old Maid.

For threescore years, this life Cleora led,
At morn she rose, at night she went to bed.

W. Cowper.

On a Dog.

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim.
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And though no hound, a martyr to the chase—
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice;
This record of his fate exulting view,
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.
"Yes," (the indignant shade of Fop replies)
"And worn with vain pursuit man also dies."

W. Cowper.

On a Pointer.

HERE lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd;
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose,
Only following his nose.
Neptune was he call'd; not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,

But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

W. Cowper.

On a Friend.

Tears flow, and cease not, where the good man lies,
Till all who know him follow to the skies.
Tears, therefore, fall where Chester's ashes sleep;
Him wife, friends, brothers, children, servants, weep;
And justly—few shall ever him transcend
As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

W. Cowper.

On Mrs. M. Higgins, of Weston.

Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,
But happiest they who win the world to come:
Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veil'd from human sight.
They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.

W. Cowper.

On his Uncle, Ashley Cowper, Esq.

Farewell! endued with all that could engage
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age!

In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;
In life's last stage (O blessings rarely found!)
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd;
Through every period of this changeful state
Unchanged thyself, wise, good, affectionate!
Marble may flatter; and lest this should seem
O'ercharged with praises on so dear a theme,
Although thy worth be more than half suppress'd,
Love shall be satisfied, and veil the rest.

W. Cowper.

ON COWPER.[110]

YE who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here to devotion's bard, devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust.
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise.
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

Wm. Hayley.

---

[110] Cowper is the poet of domestic life. His writings are so diversified as to have a charm for every taste and for every age. They are calculated not only to awaken the genuine sympathies of the mind, but to rectify the morals and shed the brightest lustre round the divine realities of our most holy faith.

On Three lovely Children.

Sleep on, sweet innocents, consign'd to clay,
Till heav'n discloses an eternal day!
Till kindred seraphs, bending from the skies,
Shall, in soft whispers, bid you wake and rise!
Then join, for ever join the choir above,
And for your earthly, share a heav'nly parent's love.

On one who died Young.

Adieu, dear Sarah! 'till we meet above,
In those pure, peaceful realms of light and love:
Grain, sown in earth, is still its owner's care,
And evening suns but set to rise more fair.

On Peter Staggs.

Poor Peter Staggs now rests beneath this rail,
Who loved his joke, his pipe, and mug of ale;
For twenty years he did the duties well,
Of ostler, boots, and waiter, at the "Bell:"
But Death stepp'd in, and ordered Peter Staggs
To feed his worms and leave the farmers' nags.
The clock struck one, alas! 'twas Peter's knell,
Who sigh'd, "I'm coming—that 's the ostler's bell."

Peter Pindar.[111]

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[111] P. Pindar (Dr. Wolcott), a distinguished writer of burlesque poetry. His productions principally consisted of Odes and Satires directed against George III., Pitt, and the leading men of his time. "His poems fill five octavo volumes. Though almost entirely on topics of the day, there are many

On Parsons, the Actor.

In Lee Churchyard, near Blackheath.

Here Parsons lies! oft on life's busy stage,
With nature, reader, hast thou seen him vie.
He science knew, knew manners, knew the age;
Respected knew to live—lamented, die.

Charles Dibdin.[112]

From "Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque."

1.

Here lies poor Thomas and his wife,
Who led a pretty jarring life;
But all is ended, do you see?
He holds his tongue, and so does she.

Wm. Coombe.

2.

If drugs and physic could but save
Us mortals from the dreary grave,
'Tis known that I took full enough
Of the apothecary's stuff
To have prolong'd life's busy feast
To a full century at least;

---

of them that even now afford entertainment, from their keen observation and humorous exposition of those incidents to human nature which are of all time."

[112] Dibdin, the sea-song writer. Many of his lyrics have great merit. "They have solaced the seaman during his long voyage, sustained him in the storm, and inspired him in battle: and they have been quoted to restore the mutinous to order and discipline."

But, spite of all the doctor's skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you're alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five. *Wm. Coombe.*

3.

WITHIN this tomb a lover lies,
Who fell an early sacrifice
To Dolly's unrelenting eyes.
For Dolly's charms poor Damon burn'd—
Disdain the cruel maid return'd:
But, as she danced in May-day pride,
Dolly fell down, and Dolly died,
And now she lays by Damon's side.
Be not hard-hearted then, ye fair!
Of Dolly's hapless fate beware!
For sure, you'd better go to bed,
To one alive, than one who 's dead. *Wm. Coombe.*

4.

THE SOLDIER.

BENEATH the sod the soldier sleeps,
  Whom cruel war refused to spare;
Beside the grave the maiden weeps,
  And Glory plants the laurel there.
Honour is the warrior's meed,
  Or spared to live, or doom'd to die;
Whether 'tis his lot to bleed,
  Or join the shout of victory;
Alike the laurel to the truly brave;
  That binds the brow, or consecrates the grave.
Wm. Coombe.

5.

THE LOST LOVER.

BENEATH this stone her ashes rest,
Whose memory fills my aching breast!
She sleeps unconscious of the tear
That tells the tale of sorrow here;
But still the hope allays my pain
That we may live and love again:
Love with a pure seraphic fire,
That never, never, shall expire. *Wm. Coombe.*

6.

THE GOOD PASTOR.

FOR fifty years the pastor trod
The way commanded by his God;
For fifty years his flock he fed
With that divine celestial bread
Which nourishes the better part,
And fortifies man's failing heart.
His wide, his hospitable door,
Was ever open to the poor;
While he was sought, for counsel sage,
By ev'ry rank and ev'ry age.
That counsel sage he always gave,
To warn, to strengthen, and to save:
He sought the sheep that went astray,
And pointed out the better way:
But, while he with his smiles approved
The virtue he so dearly loved,

He did not spare the harsher part,
To probe the ulcer to the heart:
He sternly gave the wholesome pain
That brought it back to health again.
Thus, the commands of Heaven his guide,
He lived—and then in peace he died.

Wm. Coombe.

7.

ON WATSON, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.[113]

BESIDE the grave where Llandaff sleeps,
Religion bends her head and weeps;
And science plants the Cypress round,
To deck the consecrated ground;
While learning doth the tablet give,
On which his sculptured name will live.

Wm. Coombe.[114]

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[113] Bishop Watson, after distinguishing himself at Cambridge in various ways, published, in five volumes, "Chemical Essays;" but he is chiefly remembered now for his "Apology for Christianity," in answer to Gibbon's fifteenth and sixteenth chap. of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and for his "Apology for the Bible," in reply to Paine's "Age of Reason." Besides these, he published Sermons, Theological Essays, papers in the Philosophical Transactions, and Memoirs, written by himself, in which appear his Speeches in opposition to Mr. Pitt.

[114] Coombe was a miscellaneous author of great talent. His most voluminous work is "The Devil upon Two Sticks in England," 4 vols. 12mo., a continuation of Le Sage's work. Coombe's fame now chiefly rests upon his "Dr. Syntax's

ON A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier*, who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more,—so was *carried* at last;
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, so he's now *carrion*.

Lord Byron.

"I have just escaped from a physician and a fever. The English consul forced a physician upon me. In this state I made my epitaph—take it."

Byron's Letter to Mr. Hodgson, Oct. 1810.

YOUTH, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove;
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three—and *blew* it *out*. *Lord Byron.*

IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

BENEATH these *green trees*, rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac *Greentree*, lies;
A time shall come when these *green trees* shall fall,
And Isaac *Greentree* rise above them all.

Lord Byron.

Tour in Search of the Picturesque" (1810), a poem overflowing with humour, and which on its appearance met from the public with the applause it so well merits.

On a Beloved Friend.

Oh, friend! for ever loved, for ever dear,
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none like thee his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone. *Lord Byron.*

On Pitt, Second Son of the great Earl Chatham.[115]

With death doom'd to grapple,
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who *lied* in the Chapel,
Now lies in the Abbey. *Lord Byron.*

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[115] The sting of this epitaph, "thrown off," no doubt, "in a moment of bitterness," and which very likely in after life was regretted by its author as having ever been written, was somewhat reversed in Lord Byron's reply to the impromptu which appeared in the "Morning Post" on Fox's death. See Byron's Poems, vol. v. p. 39,—Murray. "The memory of Pitt has been assailed, times innumerable, often justly, often unjustly; but it has suffered much less from his assailants than from his eulogists. For, during many years, his name was the rallying cry of a class of men with whom, at one of those terrible conjunctures which confound all ordinary distinctions, he was accidentally and temporarily connected, but to whom, on almost all great questions of principle, he was diametrically opposed." During his career, "he made three motions for Parliamentary Reform;" "he resigned office because he could not carry Catholic Emancipation;" "he laid before George III. unanswerable reasons for abolishing the Test Act;" "he was far more deeply imbued with the doctrines of Adam Smith than either Fox or Grey;" "he formed great designs for the benefit of Ireland, and had he been able to do all that he wished, it is probable that a wise and liberal policy would have averted the Rebellion of 1798;" "his eloquence was never more conspicuously displayed than when he spoke of the wrongs of the negro." "History will vindicate the real man from calumny disguised under the semblance of adula-

For Admiral Lord Nelson (1806).[116]

HERE in the lap of Peace, with Vict'ry crown'd,
Rests Nelson's mortal name, renown'd in story;
Till the last trumpet's animating sound
Shall wake, and waft it to his soul in Glory.

On Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox.[117]

UNDER A BUST OF HIM BY NOLLEKINS, IN A TEMPLE ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY UPON THE BANKS OF THE CLYDE, BY MR. TODD OF GLASGOW.

CHAMPION of freedom! whose exalted mind
Grasp'd at the gen'ral good of human kind!
Patriot! whose view could stretch from pole to pole,
And, whilst he bless'd his country, loved the whole.

W. Roscoe.

---

tion, and will exhibit him as what he was, a minister of great talents, honest intentions, and liberal opinions; pre-eminently qualified, intellectually and morally, for the part of a parliamentary leader, and capable of administering, with prudence and moderation, the government of a prosperous and tranquil country; but unequal to surprising and terrible emergencies, and liable in such emergencies, to err grievously, both on the side of weakness and on the side of violence." See Lord Macaulay's "Miscellaneous Writings," vol. ii.; Longmans and Co. Pub. 1860. Also Earl of Stanhope's "Memoirs of Pitt," 3 vols.

[116] Nelson, one of the greatest of British Admirals, was the son of a clergyman. He displayed through life in his profes-

On the same, on a Tablet in Chertsey Church, Surrey.

A patriot's even course he steer'd,
'Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved.
By all who mark'd his mind—revered,
By all who knew his heart—beloved.

On a much-lamented Friend.

Long clothed with mortal coil, the spirit pure
Flies from those ills which mortals here endure:
If only born to ills,—from ills to fly,
Why born at all,—if only born to die?
But hark! a trumpet sounds! a welcome guest
Is hail'd to regions of eternal rest;
The mortal yields, resigns his earthly clod,
A Saviour's merit raises man to God.

---

sion the most extraordinary courage, skill, and promptitude. His victories served as much to humble the power of France, and check the ambitious career of its emperor, as did those great battles of Wellington and the English armies.

[117] Every one at all familiar with English history knows that this illustrious statesman took a large and important share in all the public business of the British empire for upwards of thirty-five years. He was the antagonist of that great orator, William Pitt, and, as such, fills a large space in the eye of the English historian. His was a life of political adversity, for he seldom was in office; but he acquired an equal name with his more fortunate competitor. That intellectual and accomplished senator, Edmund Burke, spoke of Fox as "the most

In Worlingworth Churchyard, Suffolk.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:"
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.

On Dr. Horton, of Bath.

In medicine skilful, hospitable, kind;
An active body with an active mind:
An upright magistrate; a friend sincere;
O'er Horton's relics, reader, drop a tear!
His useful virtues imitate—and raise
An equal theme for monumental praise.

D. Cabanal.

On Rev. J. Mulso, of Bath.

If playful wit—if feelings undisguised—
If moral worth and Gospel faith are prized,

---

brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw." "The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship." "I admire," says Gibbon, "the powers of the man as they are blended,—his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child; no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood." Both Pitt and Fox were buried near each other in Westminster Abbey. Their monuments are inscribed simply with their name.

Stranger! approach this monumental shrine,
And mix the sympathetic tear with mine!
The tomb is Mulso's: monuments decay;
But true religion *lives*, and *lives* for aye!

D. Cabanal.

On a Mother and her Infants.

From God they came, to God they went again:
No sin they knew, and knew but little pain:
And here they lie, by their fond mother's side,
Who lived to love and lose them: then she died.

Hartley Coleridge

The Orator's Epitaph.

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one-half my speeches.

Lord Brougham.

On a Wife.

Husband, I die—my peace is won;
I linger, but my race is run.
O choose a grave where I may sleep,
Untroubled in a silence deep:
Where thou, perchance, at evening's hour,
Mayst o'er my headstone drop a flower;
And where, each sunny Sabbath day,
The children may come forth to pray.

Charles Mackay.

To the Memory of Capt. Fisher, killed at Waterloo.[118]

In Wavendom Church, Bucks.

Picton and Ponsonby! a grateful land
In her proud annals now records her grief,
On arch, urn, obelisk, with trembling hand
Your praise indenting. Thine, no high relief
Shall tell, my brother! but memorial brief,
This humble tribute from affection due.
Whilst England holds the dust of each loved chief,
Mine is the reminiscence ever new—
That one small speck is thine in grave-strew'd
Waterloo. *Rev. J. Fisher.*

On Dr. Jenner, ob. 1823.[119]

On his Tomb, at Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

Within this tomb hath found a resting-place
The great physician of the human race,—

---

[118] On the field of Waterloo the French have twice been signally defeated; on the 17th August, 1705, by Marlborough, and on the 18th June, 1815, by Wellington. It is no less a fact that the conquerors of each of those days, on the same field, are the only commanders in the British service whose military career brought them to the summit of the peerage. See Coxe's "Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough," and Sir W. Scott's "Life of Napoleon."

[119] That dreadfully disfiguring disease, the small pox, which at one time proved so destructive to mankind by the mortality

Immortal Jenner! whose gigantic mind
Brought life and health to more than half mankind.
Let rescued infancy his worth proclaim,
And lisp out blessings on his honour'd name;
And radiant beauty drop one grateful tear,
For beauty's truest friend lies buried here.

In Kilpeck Church, near Hereford.

When life is past, and death is come,
Then well are they who well have done.

On a great Wrestler (1820).

Whom thou, O Time, at length has made thy prize,
Britain's first wrestler, lo! here prostrate lies.
By thee now flung: save thee he conquer'd all;
When he shall rise again, thou too shalt fall.

R. Smyth.

---

it caused, was, in some measure, checked by inoculation for small pox, which Lady M. W. Montague, the celebrated letter writer and acquaintance of Pope, introduced into England from Turkey, 1720. By it the disease was taken in a milder form, and its ravages and disfigurements diminished. Inoculation was practised very successfully till vaccine inoculation was introduced by Dr. Jenner (1780-90). His grand conception of propagating the cow-pox from the cow, in the first instance, and then from one person to another, and, consequently, secure to every one so treated, immunity from small pox, proved eminently successful.

[120] White's poems exhibit tenderness and a deep feeling for melody, and breathe the spirit which reigned within, religious

On a Prizefighter, in Hanslope Churchyard, Bucks.

Strong and athletic was my frame;
Far away from home I came,
And manly fought with Simon Bourne,
Alas! but lived not to return.

Reader, take warning by my fate,
Unless you rue your case too late:
And if you've ever fought before,
Determine now to fight no more.

On Henry Kirke White,[120] at All Saints, Cambridge.

Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquer'd powers, th' immortal mind display'd,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd;
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr-student faded and expired.
O Genius, Taste, and Piety sincere,
Too early lost, midst duties too severe;
Foremost to mourn was generous *Southey* seen,
He told the tale, and show'd what White *had been*,

---

and thoughtful; but perhaps his reputation as a poet is mainly owing to the enthusiastic biography of him which was produced by Southey, who edited his "Remains." He died at the age of twenty-one.

Nor told in vain—for o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came and sought the poet's grave,
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

Professor W. Smyth.

On a Jacobite.

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain,
For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once my own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Lord Macaulay.

---

[121] Henry Martyn, after taking, in 1801, the highest honours the University of Cambridge could bestow, entered the Church, and became Chaplain to the Hon. East India Company. He

On Martyn, the Missionary, ob. in Persia, 1812, aged 31.[121]

Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero finds a Pagan tomb.
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies that he won.
Eternal trophies! not with carnage red,
Not stained with tears by hapless captives shed,
But trophies of the cross! for that dear name,
Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
Onward he journied to a happier shore,
Where danger, death, and shame assault no more.

Lord Macaulay.

On Rev. G. Briggs, at Wallesey.

Led by Religion's bright and cheering ray,
He taught the way to heaven, and went that way;
And while he held the Christian life to view,
He was himself the Christian that he drew.

---

distinguished himself by his rapid acquirement of the Sanscrit, translated the Common Prayer into the Hindostanee, and performed Divine Service publicly in that language. From India he went to Persia, and whilst there translated the Psalms and New Testament into the Persian tongue. His powers of memory were said to be of the most extraordinary kind. He died of a decline brought on, as was thought, by his zeal and exertions to promote the cause to which he had devoted his life.

ON REGINALD HEBER, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA,[122]
OB. 1826, ÆT. 42.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed the portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

---

[122] Macaulay used to say, "Prize oxen are only fit to make candles, and prize poems to light them," which, no doubt, is pretty near the truth; but Bishop Heber's University Prize Poem, "Palestine," unlike similar productions, has found a permanent place in English literature. Subsequently, considering that devotional poetry stood in need of improvement, he composed a volume of "Poems and Translations for Weekly Church Service," which is still in use, and became a contributor to the "Quarterly Review." In 1822 he was ordained Bishop of Calcutta; and in this year appeared his "Life of Jeremy Taylor," whose works he edited. His "Journal," in 3 vols. 8vo. now forms 2 vols. of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library." In it he describes, with the utmost clearness and picturesqueness, the strange provinces he visited, and graphically details the manners and customs of the natives of India. His widow published his biography in 2 vols. 4to. London, 1830.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay,
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they. *Heber.*

ON A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

CHILDREN are snatch'd away, sometimes,
To punish parents for their crimes:—
Thy mother's merit was so great,
Heav'n hastened thy untimely fate,
To make her character complete:
Though many virtues fill'd her breast,
'Twas *resignation* crown'd the rest. *Mrs. Barber.*

A PARADOXICAL EPITAPH.

HERE lies a most ingenuous youth,
Who, when it suited, spake the truth:
His parents' will he did obey,
But always strove to have his way:
Gentle as ever mother kiss'd,
But every friend had felt his fist:
His neighbour's ox he did not covet,
But if he could he homeward drove it.
In short, the mandates of each table
He only broke when he was able. *Rev. P. Hale.*

On Mrs. Erskine, at Saline.

Plain, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resigned;
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form and candid soul.
But oh! what symbol may avail, to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so well!
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend and wife;
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,
By which thine urn, Euphemia, claims the tear!
Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

Sir Walter Scott.

On George Colman, the Younger (1836).[123]

Colman, the Muses' child, the Drama's bride,
Whose works now waken joy, or grief impart;
Humour with pathos, wit with sense allied,
A playful fancy and a feeling heart,

---

[123] Both father and son quitted the Law for the Drama. The former purchased Foote's theatre in the Haymarket, which he held to his death in 1794. He wrote the "Jealous Wife," "Clandestine Marriage," "Polly Honeycomb," besides many other pieces which met with great success. He also translated "Terence," and "Horace's Art of Poetry,"

His task accomplish'd, and his circuit run,
Here finds at last his monumental bed;
Take then, departed shade, this lay from one
Who loved thee living, and laments thee dead.
James Smith.[124]

For Southey's Tomb.[125]

Few tears, nor these too warm, are shed,
By poet over poet dead.
Without premeditated lay
To catch the crowd, I only say,
As over Southey's slab I bend,
The best of mortals was my friend. *W. S. Landor.*

---

with a considerable degree of elegance and fidelity. His son's plays and farces are, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," "Broad Grins," "The Heir-at-Law," "John Bull," "The Iron Chest," &c. all most excellent, besides his own "Memoirs."

[124] One of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses."

[125] Southey's literary industry, which became a habit with him, is almost without a parallel. He was the author of more than a hundred volumes of poetry, history, and travels, &c., and, moreover, produced a hundred and twenty-six papers of various lengths upon history, biography, politics, and general literature. He declined a baronetcy, but accepted a pension and the laureatship. "His talent in poetry lies chiefly in fancy and the invention of his subject. Some of his oriental descriptions, characters, and fables are wonderfully striking and impressive; but there is an air of extravagance in them, and his versification is abrupt, affected, and repulsive. In his early poetry there is a vein of patriotic fervour and mild and beautiful moral reflection."

On Dr. Wm. Howley, late Archbishop of Canterbury (1848).

Here Howley rests—the gentle and the mild!
Polish'd and wise, yet simple as a child;
Ye lofty ones of earth, approach his bier,
Trample your pride, and study meekness here.

Rev. J. Peat.

On an Idiot Child.

If innocents are favourites of Heaven,
And God but little asks where little's given,
Thy just Creator hath for thee in store
Eternal joys. Can wisest men have more?

Alaric A. Watts.

On S. T. Coleridge, at Highgate, ob. 1834, æt. 61.[126]

Stop, Christian passer-by; stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;
O, lift a prayer in thought for S. T. C.!

---

[126] "The fame of Coleridge principally rests on his powers as a critic in poetry and the fine arts." "He has produced nothing equal to his powers: but he has shown great wildness of conception in his 'Ancient Mariner,' sublimity of imagery in his 'Ode to the Departing Year,' grotesqueness of fancy in his 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' and tenderness of sentiment in his 'Genevieve.'"

That he who many a year with toil of breath,
Found death in life,—may here find life in death;
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven, for fame:
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.

S. T. C.

On Dr. Maginn.[127]

Here, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;

---

[127] Dr. Magin, a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine" almost from its commencement, whilst "Frazer's Magazine" owed mainly its existence to him, being projected by him, in company with Mr. Hugh Frazer, was a native of Cork, born in 1794. "He possessed the most versatile of minds, which enabled him to pass with the utmost ease from grave to gay, from the rollicking fun of 'The Story without a Tail,' and 'Bob Burke's Duel,' to the staidness and delicate discrimination of the 'Shakespeare Papers,' and the classic elegance of the 'Homeric Ballads.'" His improvident habits kept him constantly in difficulties, and the reckless conviviality of his nature disposed him to excesses which ultimately shattered and destroyed his constitution. As a brilliant wit and conversationalist he was unsurpassed. "His 'Shakespeare Papers' contain some of the most delicately appreciative touches which have ever been presented on the subject of our great national dramatist; and his 'Homeric Ballads' will fairly rival, in vigour and classic genius, the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' of Macaulay."

So, his portion soon spent—like the poor heir of Lynn,
He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin;
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin,
"Go, a-head, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,"
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting, for certain, was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin,
(All the same to the doctor, from claret to gin,)
Which led swiftly to jail, and consumption therein.
It was much, when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

John G. Lockhart.

---

[128] "Moore's light ironical pieces are unrivalled for point and facility of execution. His fancy is delightful and brilliant, and his songs have gone to the heart of a nation." For the latter he received of Messrs. Power 500*l.* per annum for seven years. His poem of "Lalla Rookh" struck a new key, and poured upon the world a dazzling flood of gorgeous eastern illustration and imagery, met with great success, and procured him a large sum from his publishers. These, together with many other instances that might be readily mentioned, show the more than princely munificence of some of England's most eminent publishers, Murray, Longmans, Moxon, &c., &c. Besides poetry, Moore wrote several prose works: "The History of Ireland," "Life of Sheridan," "Memoirs of Lord

On Moore.[128]

"The lines which Moore himself paraphrased for the tomb of Anacreon, one of the most famous lyric poets of Greece, whom he resembled as closely as the better Christian can the baser heathen, might well appear to his own memory:"

O stranger, if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear,
In exquisite libation here.

On Ed. Neale, aged 63, at Highgate.

Blest be that hand divine which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this peaceful shade.

On J. Fuller, at Newington, Surrey.

Serenely pious, with the gentlest mind,
Through life contented, and in death resign'd.

Fitzgerald," "Life of Lord Byron," "The Epicurean," a prose poetical romance, in many respects the most elevated work of his pen. As a wit he was greatly distinguished, and was much courted by the noble and fashionable. For an interesting account of him, see Earl Russell's "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, the Poet," 1855.

At Portsmouth.

Distrust and darkness, and a future state,
Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate.
Death *in itself* is nothing, but we fear
To be we know not *what*, we know not *where*.

At Brighton.

One truth is certain, when this life is o'er,
We die to live, and live to die no more.

On a Poet who was Poor.

Here lies a youth whose lofty rhyme
Will reach the goal of latest time;
But, hastening on to Time's abode,
He died of hunger on the road. *Bland.*

On an Author.

Here lies an Author—pray forgive
The work that fed his pride:
Long after death he thought to live,
And long before it died. *Bland.*

Take then, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own.
Thine image stamped upon this clay
Doth give thee that, but *that* alone. *Longfellow.*

ON THE ENGLISH PROPENSITY TO SUICIDE.

HERE Jack Roast Beef, Esq. doth lie,
Who hanged himself he knew not why.

ON MILLS, THE HUNTSMAN.

HERE lies John Mills, who over hills
Pursued the hounds with hollo;
The leap, though high, from earth to sky,
The huntsman we must follow.

ON DRS. WALKER AND FULLER.

Walker wrote a work on the English particles. This caused him to get the very short and pithy epitaph:

HERE lie Walker's particles,

the brevity of which was equalled by that on the famous Dr. Fuller:

HERE lies Fuller's earth.

ON FELICIA HEMANS, THE POETESS, OB. 1833.[129]

CALM in the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now:

---

[129] Mrs. Hemans commenced writing poetry when quite a child, and before she was fifteen printed a volume of poems called "Early Blossoms." Her sweet pleasing poetry, and her many and various contributions to literature, all tended to promote the cause of piety and virtue.

E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

ON THOMAS CAMPBELL, OB. 1844.[130]

THIS spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet, think not sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death. *T. Campbell.*

---

[130] One of the most chaste of modern poets. His "Pleasures of Hope" is, said Lord Byron, "one of the most beautiful didactic poems in the English language." His "Gertrude of Wyoming," unquestionably superior to the "Pleasures of Hope" in purity of diction, and in every other quality its equal, "is," as Lord Jeffrey pronounced, "a polished and pathetic poem in the old style of English pathos and poetry." His lyrics are, perhaps, the noblest bursts of poetical feeling, fervour, and enthusiasm, that have ever flashed from any poet. Besides these he produced smaller effusions, which from their strength and beauty have long kept possession of the popular mind. "His well known 'Critical Essays,' and 'Speci-

On John Gibson Lockhart, ob. 1854.[131]

Take time, while time doth serve; 'tis time to-day,
For secret dangers will attend delay;
Do what thou canst—to-day hath eagle's wings;
For who can tell what change to-morrow brings?

On Wordsworth, ob. 1850, æt. 80,[132] at Grasmere.

Blest be the Church, that watching o'er the needs
Of infancy, provides a timely shower,

---

mens,' established him on our library shelves as a prose writer, and is the best of his unrhymed—not unpoetical—works." His prose biographies and other works possess much interest, and with his poetry "will live so long as wood grows, and water runs—sacred as a cherished part of our thoughts, our language, and ourselves."

[131] Eminent in his day for his contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," and the "Quarterly Review." In biography and biographical sketches he was particularly excellent. See his Lives of Scott and Theodore Hook.

[132] Said to be one of England's greatest metaphysical poets, who succeeded Southey as poet-laureate, and obtained a pension for his writings, of 300*l.* per annum. To Wilson, Coleridge, De Quincy, Southey, and Wordsworth, the term "Lake-school" was applied by the reviewers who sneered at their performances. "Wordsworth has no fancy, no wit, no humour, little descriptive power, no dramatic power, great occasional elegance, with continual rusticity and baldness of allusion." "His style is natural and severe, and his versification sonorous and expressive."

Whose virtue changes to a Christian flower,
A growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental love
Looks on, and grace descendeth from above.
As the high service pledges now, now pleads,
Should vain thoughts outspread their wings, and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs which hear and answer that brief cry,
The infant's notice of his second birth,
Recall the wandering soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from heaven, yet fears from earth.

W. Wordsworth.

Lines inscribed upon a Stone recently placed (1856) by the late Earl of Ellesmere over the Grave of Addison, in Westminster Abbey.[133]

Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;

---

[133] English literature is greatly indebted to Addison for his humorous contributions to the "Tatler," "Spectator," "Guardian," and "Freeholder." He rendered himself eminent, too, by his Latin compositions, which are both vigorous and elegant. "Whoever wishes," says Dr. Johnson, "to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." "His poetry is polished and pure; the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence."

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.[134]

T. Tickell.[135]

The final resting-place of Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), author of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," poems, "The City of the Plague," "Isle of Palms," and many political articles and literary criticisms which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," of which periodical he was one of the founders, exactly faces the tomb of Lord Francis Jeffrey, for many years the editor of the "Edinburgh Review;" which he, in conjunction with Lord Brougham, Sidney Smith, and Horner, started in 1802. The tombs of these justly celebrated men are placed in a very fine and prominent situation of the most picturesque of our modern cemeteries; and so near each other that slightly to alter the words of Sir W. Scott with reference to the tombs of Pitt and Fox in Westminster Abbey—

---

[134] Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, the patron and friend of Addison, "the least of the minor poets—one of 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.'" He joined with Prior in "The City Mouse and the Country Mouse," a burlesque of Dryden's "Hind and Panther."

[135] "There is not a more sublime, or more elegant funeral-poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature than Tickell's 'Elegy on Addison's Death.'"

Drop upon Jeffrey's tomb the tear—
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

"Blackwood's Magazine," the representative of Scotch Toryism, as the "Quarterly Review" is that of the Tory party in England, had for some years Wilson as its chief writer—a man of extraordinary talent and "eccentric genius," as Scott said of him, "whose writings obtained for this outlet of Toryism a world-wide celebrity; and who, as critic, poet, essayist, and author of 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' occupies a distinguished position amongst Scotland's most distinguished sons."

For twenty-six years Jeffrey edited and contributed very largely to the "Edinburgh Review." He was a man of great intellectual powers, whose contributions to this celebrated periodical were unquestionably dictated by honesty of purpose; but many of them, evincing the utmost severity of criticism, were, no doubt, eminently unjust—to Wordsworth and his kindred authors of the "Lake School" especially. As an orator he was rapid and fluent—of fine conversational powers; and, spite of his bitter stinging criticisms, and apparent personal hostility to his opponents, he possessed great goodness of heart and domestic amiability. In his latter years, however, "when past the psalmist-appointed term of life, he grew more than ever tender of heart and amiable, praised nursery songs, patronised mediocrities, and wrote letters of almost childish gentleness of expression. It seemed to be the natural strain of his character let loose from some stern responsibility, which had made him sharp and critical through all his

former life." It is to the honour of our age that the loss of such men as Walter Scott, Lockhart, Macaulay, Wilson, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Coleridge, Southey, is deplored, not only in England, but wherever there are men who know how to honour noble talent, unblemished integrity of life, and the

"Love of liberty based upon the laws."

On Sir Cresswell Cresswell.[136]

He oft decreed divorce 'twixt man and wife;
Fate now decrees divorce 'twixt *him* and life.

Rev. J. H. C. Wright.

Anticipatory Dirge for Professor Buckland, the great popular Geologist.

Mourn, Ammonites, mourn o'er his funeral urn,
Whose neck[137] ye must grace no more;
Gneiss, granite, and slate—he settled your date,
And his ye must now deplore.

---

[136] Divorce, it is well known, was permitted by the Mosaic law. The first instance among the Romans occurred B.C. 331, and the custom afterwards became common. The first instance of a divorce effected in England by Act of Parliament without the previous consent of the spiritual court, was that of the notorious Countess of Macclesfield, who was separated from her husband April 2, 1698. She was the reputed mother of Richard Savage, the poet, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and afterwards married to Colonel Brett. In 1798 Lord Chancellor Loughborough obtained the passing of a series of re-

Weep, caverns, weep, with infiltering drip,
  Your recesses he'll cease to explore;
For mineral veins, or organic remains,
  No stratum again will he bore.

His wit shone like crystal—his knowledge profound,
  From gravel to granite descended;
No trap could deceive him, no slip confound,
  No specimen, true or pretended.

Where shall we our great Professor inter,
  That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
  He'll get up and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
  In the common alluvial soil;

---

solutions which required every application for divorce to be supported by an ecclesiastical sentence, and by a previous verdict at law. Of course these expensive procedures enabled only the rich to obtain a divorce. A remedy for this grievance was effected by "The Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act," (20 & 21 Vict. c. 85, Aug. 1857,) amended and extended by 21 & 22 Vict. 1858, and 22 & 23 Vict. c. 61, 1859. Sir C. Cresswell, the Judge of this new Court, was famed for the justice of his decisions, and his ability and strict integrity in the discharge of duties of a delicate and often of a disgusting nature.

[137] "The ladies of Dr. Buckland's family, if not the Professor himself, occasionally wore necklaces of ammonites."
Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1863.

He'll start up and snatch those tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should be his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
His carcass let stalactite cover;
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When duly encrusted all over;
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on the shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.[138]

Archbishop Whately.[139]

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[138] Buckland, Dean of Westminster, distinguished himself as a geologist and mineralogist. It may safely be affirmed that to his vigorous exertions more than to those of any other man, geological science is so far advanced in this country as it is. For his account of the remains of various animals, bears, tigers, elephants, &c., &c., discovered in a cave at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, the Royal Society, in 1822, awarded him the Copley medal.

[139] Whately wrote voluminously; and many of his productions are esteemed of the highest excellence. To the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," he contributed his two celebrated works, "The Elements of Logic," and "The Elements of Rhetoric," treatises which have been more often reprinted than any similar works. He has, besides, left us many eloquent sermons and charges, "Lectures upon St. Paul's Epistles," "Essays on some of the Dangers of the Christian Faith;" and, apart from theology, he produced among other excellent works, "Introductory Lectures to Political Economy," "English Synonyms," and "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon

To the Memory of T. B. Macaulay, Historian and Prophet.

For the Central Arch of London Bridge.

Till the New Zealander, from distant home,
The ruined fane of Paul to sketch shall come,
Cock-sure[140] of all he ever wrote or said
To praise a rebel or defame the dead:
Infallible Macaulay's[141] soul shall sleep,
And London's Bridge from dull oblivion keep:—

Bonaparte." In this last work the archbishop proves, that if Hume's reasoning and arguments on miracles be true, and if applied to Bonaparte, no such personage ever existed.

[140] "I wish," said Lord Melbourne, "I was as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything."

[141] Historian, orator, essayist, and poet. His career at Cambridge, where he graduated B. A. in 1822, and M. A. in 1826, was most brilliant. Under the auspices of the late Lord Lansdowne he was introduced to parliament as member for Calne. He was twice chosen M. P. for Edinburgh. In 1834 he went to India as Member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, and in two years and a half returned to England with a considerable fortune. His subsequent life was devoted to politics and literature. His history of England occupied him about twelve years, during which time he contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Memoirs of Oliver Goldsmith, Pitt, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Johnson, &c. Of his history, a literary journal of influence remarked: "The verdict of mankind on the merits of this very considerable contribution to the history of England is not likely to be unanimous: the taste of contemporaries is never decisive. Lord Macaulay's

This key-stone falling, he amazed shall wake
To view the ruin Whigs alone could make,
And own at last, Thames' waters swimming through,
His "History" was false, his "Vision" only true.

Rev. P. Hale.

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ambition was to stand in the same rank with Hume. The Messrs. Longman have paid to him the revenues of a prince; we have heard, on the best authority, of one single cheque, from publishers to historian, for twenty thousand pounds!" Besides his History and Essays, he wrote a collection of beautiful national ballads, the well known "Lays of Ancient Rome." His character was without a stain; and, as a politician of Whig principles, he was consistent, and of liberal views in judging the motives and actions of his opponents. His memory was of the most extraordinary kind. In his youth "he was in the habit of repeating and declaiming the longest 'Arabian Night,' as fluently as Schehezerade herself. A little later he would recite one of Scott's novels, story, characters, and scenery, almost as well as though the book were in his hands." His remains were consigned to the companionship of the glorious dead in Westminster Abbey in 1859.

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